Gcc
821.3
cha/chu
97967

00097967

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016

Cod
821.3
Cha/.Chu
77177

928.21
Chu/Cha/Chu

Printed by R. and A. Taylor, Printers Court, Shoe Lane.

00097967

THE CONTENTS.

PAGE.

The Life of Churchyard, with an amended List of his many Writings - - - - - - - 1

Three MSS. from the British Museum: 1. Churchyard's Letter to Secretary Cecil, from Bath, 24 May, 1569. [*Lansdowne MSS.*] - - - - - 66

2. Lord Hunsdon's Letter to Secretary Walsingham; with Churchyard's MS. Statement of the Message of the Earl of Arran to Lord Hunsdon, 28 June, 1581. [*From the same.*] - - - - - - - 69

3. Churchyard's MS. Correspondence with Mrs. Julia Pen; concerning his being Security, for the Earl of Oxford, 24 December, 1590. [*Id.*] - - - - 72

The Wars of Queen Mary's Infancy. [*From Churchyard's Choise.*] - - - - - - - 77

The Siege of Leith, in June, 1560 - - - - 83

The Rode of Sir William Drury into Scotland, during May, 1570 - - - - - - - 116

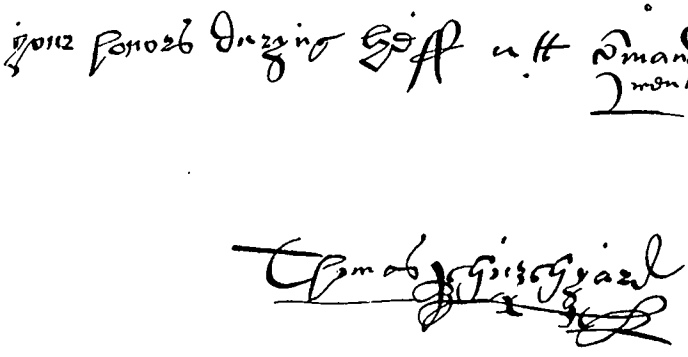
The Siege of Edinburgh Castle, in May, 1571 - - 140

The Earl of Morton's Tragedie, 1581. [*From Churchyard's Challenge.*] Prefixed are Anecdotes of Morton, from the State Papers - - - - - - 158

FAC SIMILE

OF

CHURCHYARD'S WRITING.



THE

LIFE

OF

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD, in the biography of his country, has not the space, which the variety of his adventures, and the numerousness of his writings, seem to require. That he lived long, and wrote much, are facts, which are generally known from early notices. There appear to be still some doubts, about the epoch of his death, though the date of his burial has been ascertained, from the record of the parish. He died, says Lempriere, about the 11th of Elizabeth, 1570: this was said on the doubtful authority of Cibber's lives of the poets, which quotes the still more inaccurate lives of the poets, by Winstanley. In this manner is biography written. Abridgements, says the great Bacon, are the bane of history, of which biography is one of the chief departments.

That Churchyard was a native of Shrewsbury is quite certain; and it is equally known, that he became a warrior, as well as a wit. But, when was he born? Through what period of time, did he so long fight, and still longer scribble? If he were 30, when he returned to the place of his birth, in 1550, after his captivity in Scotland, then was he born, in 1520. His appearance, in the Emperor's army, during May 1542, as Tanner intimates, and Du Tillet confirms, implies, that he must have been born thus early, if not earlier. This point being thus settled, on pretty sure grounds, the other dates of his devious life follow of course. He was 17, in 1537; he came of age, in 1541; he passed his climacteric year, in 1583; and as he died, in April 1604, he lived to the advanced age of 84. Happy! if biography would oftener call in the sure assistance of arithmetical criticism; we should not so frequently be deluded, from the paths of truth, into the deviations of error.

Whether the father of Churchyard were a burgess, or a yeoman, is not quite clear: he himself is studious to claim a genteel parentage: "Of a gentel "race, I might make boast: of gentel blood, and man-"ners both, and want but wealth alone." And, he goes on to conclude:

"So, born I was, to house, and land, by right;
"But, in a bag, to court I brought the same,
"From Shrewsbury-town, a seat of ancient fame."

Considering the age, he seems to have had a liberal education: he was fond of reading, and of music; and his father indulged him in both those natural propensities. When Churchyard studied at Oxford, A. a' Wood seems not to have distinctly ascertained: he travelled far, "to learn tongues," we are, by himself assured. Yes: he served long, in the armies of the empire, as well as of Flanders; and had many opportunities of acquiring the German, and the Flemish, the cognate tongues with his own English. He fought, in the ranks of the soldiers of France, and resided long in Guisnes; and by these means, may have learned the French. It was after his campaigns of 1542–3, that he remained, for some time, upon the continent, to learn tongues, as he says himself. He seems, indeed, in every situation to have been fond of reading; as his works evince. Being come to seventeen years of age, in 1537, according to A. a' Wood's computation, from Churchyard's notice, the youth besought his father, to let him depart, from home; to seek his *hap*, amidst the many competitions of life:

"The ladd his farewel took, well-furnished, for the nonce;
"And had about him, as I trow, his treasure all at once."

With his heels, adds Wood, as restless as his head,

he went to the royal court, laid aside his books, and so long as his money lasted, became a *roister**. At length, having spent some months of libertinism, and wasted his money, he was obliged to look for service: and, this he found, by whatever recommendation, with Henry Howard, the earl of Surrey, a noble, who is never mentioned, but with praise. Churchyard had now some leisure, as well as inclination, under the protection of such a personage, to apply to his book; to cultivate his music, and his muse. Yet, in a situation thus desirable, for such a youth, he appears not to have remained twice two years; and learned therein such fruitful skill, as long he held full dear; he used the pen as he was taught, with other gifts also, which enabled him to hold his cap on head, where some do crouch full low. Such was the liberal service of his first master. It was in this service, that he wrote the many things, which he reclaims, as printed in Surrey's Miscellaney, 1557: yet, was he prompted, by his passion for change, to quit in 1541, the house of Surrey, whom he is studious to praise, by every blandishment, which his fancy could supply.

If we may believe his own account, he did not now enter voluntarily into the war, which was renewed, in 1542, between the Emperor, and Francis I.

"When drum did beat, a soldier was I prest."

* A turbulent, lawless, blustering fellow.

In this wretched warfare, we find Churchyard engaged, after he had passed one and twenty, in May 1542; when the duke de Vendosme led a French army into the Netherlands, about St. Homers, and did great harm; "which I saw, says Churchyard, "being then a soldier, on the Emperor's side, under "Mons. de Rues, grand master of Flanders*." Thus early then, did Churchyard begin "to trail the pike." In this war of 1542, Henry VIII. joined the Emperor, against Francis I.; and in it, he took Boulogne, which was badly defended by Vervins, who lost his head, for his misconduct. In September 1544, the Emperor and Francis made their peace, at Crepi, without Henry's knowledge, which released Churchyard from his warlike services. In June 1546, Henry made his peace with Francis on such terms, as did not add much to his glory, or the national advantage. It was on the peace of Crepi, 1544, that, Churchyard

"Aweary of those wasting woes,
awhile he left the war,
"And for desire to learn the tongues
he travell'd very far,

* Churchyard states those facts in his *Choice*, p. 2.—Jean du Tillet, in his *Recueil*, Paris, 1588, p. 100 *b.* recounts the same passage, almost literally, in May 1542. This clearly ascertains the date of Churchyard's first military campaign. He continued to serve in the Emperor's army, during the subsequent campaign of 1543.

" And had of every language part,
when homeward did he draw,
" And could rehearsal make full well
of that abroad he saw."

Churchyard returned time enough, to see the sad fate of the admirable Surrey, his first master, and to witness the welcome demise of the worthless king, under whose axe he suffered, in January 1546-7.

The accession of Edward VI. was only another word, for war with Scotland; to obtain, by whatever means, the infant hand of the Scotish queen, *a way of wooing*, which the earl of Huntley could not approve. Here began the second scene of Churchyard's warfare. He was sent to Wark Castle, on the Scotish border, to act under captain Lawson. But, in this frontier garrison he did not long remain. The protector Somerset passed the English limits into Scotland, with a mighty army; to subdue the queen's obduracy, or to waste her kingdom. On the 10th of September 1547, the forces of the rival nations met on Pinkie-field, with a resolution of making it a decisive day. The English were superior in what, generally, proves successful in war: they possessed higher discipline, longer experience, and better materials: the Scots were worsted, but not discouraged. And the English obtained, by their victory, none of the objects, for which they fought; the hand of Mary, much less the conquest of a valorous people. Church-

yard, as he tells himself*, had the honour of being present, in that memorable conflict. He was less lucky, in the subsequent campaign. Serving in the fleet, under admiral, lord Clinton, and being sent with a detachment, in June 1548, to lay waste the east nook of Fife, the English invaders were cut off, when many were slain, and a few taken. At that attack on Saint Monance, Churchyard had the misfortune to remain among the prisoners†. It was on that occasion, the lord James Stewart, the queen's bastard brother, when he was scarcely sixteen, first drew his sword, and showed that he could use it; as the Scotish historians delight to tell.

Churchyard, as he was well used, spent his captivity, in a pleasant manner: he, perhaps, was willing to be pleased, and he certainly knew how to please: he, indeed, informs us:

"I taken was, as destiny had decreed;
"Well, yet with words, I did my foes so feed;
"That there I lived, in pleasure, many a day,
"And 'skeap'd so free, and did no ransom pay."

He busied himself, he adds, in releasing many of his fellow-captives, on his own ransom-bond; as he

* In his dedication to the earl of Hartford of the historical discourse of the Netherland governors, 1602.

† He notes himself, "I was taken, under the lord admiral "Clinton, at Saynt Mynnins:" the invaders advanced, incautiously, and had their retreat cut off.

is ready to recollect. He paid a high compliment to his own eloquence, when he said:

"To French, and Scots, so fair a tale I told,
"That they believ'd white chalk and cheese was one,
"And it was pearl, that prov'd but peeble stone."

Churchyard was, plainly, a plausible man, who had many tales to tell, with a voluble tongue. But, whatever may have been the pleasures of his sojourn, in Scotland, he took the first occasion of a very slight confinement, to depart, secretly, for the English garrison of Lawder, which he entered, only, to be besieged. In the mean time, peace was declared on the 29th of March, 1550: towns were now surrendered, prisoners were set free, and the garrison of Lawder, including Churchyard, were marched to Berwick *; whence the soldiers were sent home, as fast as money could be found, to pay their arrears. During the summer of 1550, Churchyard returned, from Scotland, into his own country, and to the court, about the age of thirty; but, very ill provided with what the necessities of life require. His pen was always in his hand, and his muse constantly at his ear: and, soon after his return, from

* It is a fact, however, which Churchyard had forgotten, or never knew, that the government having, for a time, concealed the conclusion of peace, sir Hugh Willoughby had found it necessary to capitulate with the Scots, for the surrender of Lawder; being reduced to such extremity, as to eat horse-flesh.

Scotland, he entered into his contest with Camel, about *David Dicar's Dream*, which provoked the ludicrous effusions of the poets of those times*. It was a very troublous moment, which did not admit the domestic disturbance of such discussions, and which, at present would only create laughter: and Churchyard was brought before the privy council, who watched over the country's quiet, with jealous solicitude, on account of some of his earliest poetry. But, he was luckily protected, by Somerset; and was dismissed, with a reprimand, when he might have been sent to the pillory, or the Fleet†.

Churchyard did not remain long, in London, to disturb the reign of Edward VI., with his poetry, or his pranks. He was sent by the way of Shrewsbury, to Ireland, which then required veteran soldiers. Here, he found sir Anthony St. Leger, a wise and noble knight, acting as lord deputy, who gave him

* See the names of the various publications, on that occasion, in Herbert.

† In his dedication of his *Fortunate Farewell*, 1599, to the r. h. lord Henry Seamer, he said: "I am bold, because your most honourable father, the duke of Somerset, (uncle to the renowned imp of grace, noble king Edward VI.) favoured me, when I was troubled, before the lords of the council, for writing some of my first verses. In requital whereof, ever since, I have honoured all his noble race," &c. The protector Somerset was sequestered, in October, 1551: so that he could have been of no service to Churchyard, after that period.

such a place, as was to his avail*: Churchyard, having full pockets, and free spirits, cried out:

"Then, testers walk'd, as thick as does the hail,
"About the world. For, lo! from them I'bore
"For service done, of money right good store."

Yet, home he came, in the beginning of 1552. It was, probably, at this time, that he returned to Shrewsbury; that he attempted some study, that he wooed the widow Browning, who gave him a plain refusal, with some salutary advice; that he was dissatisfied with himself, and the world; and *became troubled in mind*; and that he broke his lute, and forswore his muse, and found solace only in war, with its perils, its varieties, and its pleasures. Such are the intimations, which are given, from his obscure notices of his own miseries.

Europe felt a fresh shock, when Francis I. by surprize, seized, in April 1552, the three bishopricks of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. When this event was known, in England, Churchyard *fared* to France: but he served in the Emperor's army, under captain Crayer. Charles V. with a hundred thousand men,

* On the 10th of September, 1550, sir Anthony St. Leger was sworn in, lord deputy:—on the 23d of May, 1551, sir James Croft was sworn in lord deputy, in the room of sir Anthony St. Leger. [Harris's Ware.] These dates mark the period of Churchyard's *first* service, in Ireland; and those dates seem to contradict the story of A. a' Wood, who speaks of Churchyard being then,

besieged Metz, which was defended by the duke of Guise, with the very flower of the French nobility. After a siege of many months, when thousands perished by disease, more than by the sword, the Emperor was induced, by necessity, to retire from his unavailing efforts, to attack more attainable objects. It was now, that Churchyard sailed down the pleasant flood of Rhine; and so, as he says himself, he served in Flanders: but, he was imprisoned, for coming out of France, without proper orders, no doubt; yet, was he enlarged upon just representations, with the influence of "the noble Madame Sell de Embry." In hope, however, that war would him advance, he continued "to trail the pike," though he had the world to begin anew. During the campaign of 1553, Churchyard served under captain Gonnie, "with whom he was at wages," in the Emperor's army. At the siege of Torwain, the Burgoniers attempted the assault: but, Gonnie, who led the attack, with his band, was repulsed: Mons. Dessè, the same general, who had commanded the French, in Scotland, and now defended this town, for the French king,

for a time, at Oxon; and soon taken into the service of the earl of Leicester, who is substituted, for the earl of Oxford. There is no evidence, that Churchyard had ever any connection with the earl of Leicester; but, there is the clearest proof, that Churchyard acted in subservience to the earl of Oxford; Churchyard was sent abroad, by lord Oxford; and was security for his lordship, to Mrs. Juliana Pen.

was shot through the head, as he viewed the attack, on the 12th of June, 1553. Churchyard, who partook of this repulse, continued in the same cause, during the subsequent campaign: and probably returned to England in 1555, when the war almost ceased of itself; from the exhaustion both of the Emperor, and the French king. Owing to the caprices of Henry VIII., English volunteers served during those wars, in adverse armies; so that Englishmen might have encountered Englishmen. But, on the accession of Mary, in July 1553, Doctor Wotton, who was then the English ambassador, in France, issued a notification, requiring English soldiers, either to enter into the Emperor's army, or to return home*.

It may be here convenient, to pause a moment, while we enquire a little, about those literary labours of Churchyard, while he thus *trailed the pike*, and *wore the corslet*. According to Tanner, and the author, he wrote, during the reign of Edward VI. *A Mirrour for a man, wherein he shall see the miserable state of the world.* A poem, entitled *Davie Dicar's Dream*, which one Camel wrote against; but, whom he repelled, by "a playn and final confutation of Camel's *corlyke oblatracion*," in one folio sheet†.

* Churchyard states the above fact, which gave something like system to the military efforts of brave men.

† But, what is *corlyke oblatration*? The first may be *cur*-like, dog-like: *oblatration* is more difficult, as it was probably an old

Other wits engaged in this contestation: but, from the notice taken of Churchyard, by the vigilant severity of the ruling powers, we may infer, that they all ran the risk of their ears.

Churchyard, in the hope of advancement, continued to serve the Emperor, under captain Matson. Three years, at least, he saw the Emperor's wars: then homeward drew, as was his wonted *tread**. He was now well received: but, weather fair, and flowers full soon will fade:

"So people's love is like new besomes oft,
"That sweeps all clean, whiles broom is green and soft."

English word of unfrequent use: we see it, however, in some of our earlier word-books: *Oblatration*, a barking, a raying. Cockeram's Eng. Dict.: so, in Coles's Eng. Dict.: so in Blount's Dict. of hard words: *Oblatration* (oblatratio) a barking, or making exclamation against any one: yet, the word, which is not a bad one, seems to have subsequently gone out of use.

* From such loose data, it is almost impossible to trace so devious an adventurer. He certainly went to France, in 1552; but, in the Emperor's service, during the same year, or early in the next, he came down the Rhine into the Low Countries; and, as he served the Emperor three years, he may have returned to England, in 1555. Let us add to this statement, his next service of *eight* years, under lord Gray, in the castle of Guisnes, which was certainly captured, on the 22d of January, 1558. Eight years deducted from 1558, would leave us, in 1550, when he had just returned, from Scotland. He must mean, that he served several years, under lord Gray.

He may have now indulged his propensity to scribble. In queen Mary's reign, he wrote a book, called *A New Year's Gift to all England,* which treated of *rebellion.* If we may judge of the tree, by the fruit, Churchyard was loyal. And many things, in the book of songs and sonnets, printed then [Surrey's Poems, 1557] were of *his making.* Queen Mary, in an evil hour, for her own *heart's ease,* declared war against France, on the 7th of June, 1557. The wars was he again obliged to haunt; being "assigned thereto by lot." Churchyard now served as a lieutenant, under captain Born, in the garrison of Guisnes; as he has himself declared. The misfortunes of this war of Mary, history has told. Calais was captured, by the duke of Guise, on the 7th of January, 1558. The duke, immediately, besieged Guisnes, which was valorously defended, by lord Gray, who, however, received little, if any, succour from England. The officers and men, who had fought bravely, till their defences were destroyed, and their hope was gone, cried out for a capitulation, and threatened the governor, who did his duty. The officers, however, sent Churchyard out of the castle, to offer to surrender on certain conditions*. They knew, that Churchyard spoke

* Of this adventure, Churchyard has left us a minute account. In the dead of night, he passed the ditch, notwithstanding the caltrops: but, having neither trumpeter, nor drummer, to sound a parley, both being wounded, he was, imme-

the French, and had a plausible tongue, as well as a stout heart: the event evinced, that he was quite equal to the trust. Lord Gray was carried, immediately, to Paris, with Churchyard, as prisoners. The duke of Guise had an object, with regard to both: after a while, he informed lord Gray, that he might return to London, if he would be the bearer of a message*. But, Churchyard was retained, that he might be a witness of the terms; as he had made the capitulation. When lord Gray departed, in March 1558-9, Churchyard, who knew not the cause, be-

diately, taken prisoner, by the watch; and was carried to the commander's tent. Churchyard, now, in humble wise, communicated his message. The duke of Alençon objected to the terms; as the defences of the garrison were ruined: to this Churchyard replied, with great deference, that admitting the fact, the officers were skilful, and the soldiers were veterans; and they were all Englishmen, who would fight, while one of them remained, rather than surrender, without honourable terms; and the assailants would lose many a man, in such a conflict. Meantime, the duke of Guise rode up, hearing that an officer had come out, with a message. He now cross-questioned Churchyard, who did not much like such an encounter, though the duke treated him civilly, and ordered him refreshment. The general, who knew the secret of his government, declared in favour of the terms offered, as the capture of the castle was the only object in view.

* On the 29th of March, 1558-9, says Cecil, lord Gray came into England; and had a message, from the duke of Guise, to move peace, *secretly*. [Diary.]

trayed some discontent. So exhausted was England, at the accession of Elizabeth, that the genius of Cecil could not carry on such a war, with any hope of success. The peace of Cateau Cambresis was made with France, and Scotland, on the 2d of April, 1559. Yet, Churchyard, as it should seem, was still detained, for want of ransom, by the person, who claimed him, as his captive. This was an age of much religion, but of little morality; and Churchyard was released, on giving his bond, to return to Paris, if his ransom were not paid: yet, to return, forsooth, he had no *lust:*

"Sens faith could get no credit at his hand,
"I sent him word to come and sue my band."

The Frenchman took Churchyard at his word: he came himself to court, and told his tale, as finely as he might: yet, when the matter came to be fully understood, and it was known, that Churchyard had been forced to give a bond, beyond his means, for other Englishmen, the courtiers seemed to think, that the French had done him wrong, without themselves doing him full right: Churchyard was then at Ragland, in Monmouthshire. He now found the country not as he had left it, when he placed himself under lord Gray, at Guisnes: by the accession of Elizabeth, in November, 1558, the administration of affairs was placed, chiefly, in Cecil's skillful hands. Church-

yard, who was now on the verge of forty, repaired to Shrewsbury, where some received him with open arms: but, says he, his friends were decayed; his father was dead; and the household was clean broke up: he thus appears, on his return from France, in 1559, to have been quite desolate. He wrote to Elizabeth a few well couched lines, to explain his case: and boldly did he tell the same to the queen herself: when "gracious" words three times he got, the fourth unfruitful was: such, then, was the *unkind guerdon*, which Churchyard received, after all his services, and his sufferings, as he supposed, and said, for the public benefit.

Let us, at this sad period of his life, inquire what he wrote, either for his amusement, or his means. He, certainly, had much leisure, while he lay in garrison, with lord Gray, in Guisnes. During that service, probably, he wrote *The Mirrour and Manners of Men*, which remained unpublished till 1594, when, he said, it had been written fifty years before. The Tragedie of the lorde Mowbray, which was printed, in the *Myrrour for Magistrates*, 1559, though his name appears not, in this edition: yet, is justice done him, in the editions, 1587, and 1610. In that period, also, as we may easily suppose, Churchyard often threw out a sonnet, or a song, for the gratification of those, with whom he exclusively lived. It was, in that period, no doubt, that he wrote the tragedie of *Shore's Wife*, which, as Nash foretold, still makes him live.

While Churchyard was dissatisfied, during the autumn, 1559, "for the leaf was at the fall," he thought of warfare, as his usual resource. He joined his old commander, lord Gray, who assembled the English army, at Berwick, early in March 1559–60, for the purpose of aiding the Scotish insurgents, and expelling the French *. In April they marched forward towards Leith, and were joined, by their Scotish associates. The siege soon commenced, at which Churchyard was present, as he himself avows. The first assault was repulsed, as Cecil acknowledges. And, the assailants found, in every rencounter, such skill, and such valour, that the prospect of speedy success began to vanish. Cecil, and Wotton, now set out, from London, at the end of May; to try what could be done, by treaty, or artifice. After much valorous effort, and many shifts of policy, the 5th of July saw two treaties concluded; the one, a formal agreement with the French ambassadors, for the equal retreat of the English, and French troops, from Scotland; the other, a fictitious document, which transferred the Scotish queen's prerogatives to her insurgent subjects. Thus, ended those short, but sharp, hostilities: and, at an after period, the muse of Churchyard sung of what he had seen, and felt, at the siege of

* From Cecil's Diary we learn: "July 1, 1559, the French "king ordered, that 200 men of arms, and twenty ensignes of "footmen, should be sent into Scotland."

Leith. Churchyard returned to London, during the autumn of 1560, without being braver, or richer, or wiser.

He now informs us:

" A little breath I took, then after this,
" And shap'd myself about the court to be,
" And every day, as right and reason is,
" To serve the prince, in court, I settl'd me:
" Some friends I found, as friends do go, you see,
" That gave me words, as sweet as honey still,
" Yet, let me live, by head, and cunning skill."

By this attendance, Churchyard appears to have obtained nothing; and as he could not live upon nothing, he bethought himself of service abroad. He wrote a farewel to the court. He seems to have gone to Ireland, with the companies of troops, which were sent thither, at the end of 1564: he appears, from his own story*, to have served in the Northern expedition, under sir Henry Sidney, in 1565, against O'Neil. Used as he had been to the hardships of warfare, he now felt still more the fatigues of hunting the Irish kern to their fastnesses. He returned, probably, with sir Henry Sidney, to England, at the end of the season, after witnessing the submission of the earl of Desmond, at Limerick.

Hearing now of the disturbances, in the Nether-

* Challenge Sig. f. iii.

lands, on account of religious grievances, Churchyard "trudged to Antwerp, to get some spending pence:" he found this great commercial city in a tumult, during the year 1566. He offered his services to the prince of Orange: the prince

"Bad me do well, and shed no guiltless blood;
"And save from spoil, poor people, and their good."

The prince retired, from this scene of tumult. The insurgents, amounting to 30,000, placed Churchyard at their head; the nobles having fled: he saved the religious houses, and the town from "cruel sword, and fire." But, such a multitude, he could not manage long: and he was obliged to abscond; and to make his escape, in priest's attire, but not with shaven crown. He found his way, through many hazards, into Sealand, followed by *the marshal*: but, getting into a ship, at the Slues, notwithstanding that officer's searches, he arrived safe, in England, at the end of 1566*.

The troubled spirits of the Netherlanders were at length worked up to avowed resistance. At the beginning of 1567, the prince of Orange, encouraged by the princes of Germany, began to collect troops, at his own domain of Dillenborough, about ten leagues from Cologne. Thither was Churchyard sent, by the earl of Oxford, lord high chamberlain of England†,

* See his Civil Wars in the Netherlands, 1602, p. 4-5, for those singular adventures.

† Civil Wars in the Netherlands, 10.

as an agent, no doubt, to see, and to report what passed, at the commencement of a war, which was attended, by memorable consequences. He was obliged to go by the way of Paris, where, he was kindly assisted by lord Norris, the English ambassador. Churchyard arrived, at Dillenborough, in time to see the meeting of that great assembly of warriors, who were to contest with so great a general, as the duke of Alva, for the independence of the Low Countries: Churchyard served under count de la March, as cornet-bearer to 250 light horsemen, during the first campaign of this signal war. The prince of Orange mustered his army of 22,000 foot, and 13,000 horse, beyond the Rhine, at Anderwike. The prince marched forward to Aix, Sentre, and Tongre: but, when he approached to Flanders, he was everywhere *bearded*, by the duke of Alva, with 30,000 *shot*, and 4,000 horsemen. The prince had thus a hard antagonist to contend with, for the prize of skill, experience, and circumspection. These two great commanders avoided a general action; knowing how much they risqued, and might lose. After many sharp encounters, the prince perceiving, that he could make no impression upon such a general as Alva, drew off his army, from Flanders, into France, near Guise, and St. Quinten; and afterwards marched into winter quarters, about Strasburgh. It was on this march, that Churchyard took his leave, and departed for En-

gland. From the account, which he afterwards published of the late campaign, we may easily suppose what report he made to the lord great chamberlain, his employer.

Churchyard now felt for the Flemings; wished success to the prince of Orange; and entertained a strong desire to see the event of the subsequent campaign of 1568. Whether he was again sent, by the lord great chamberlain, he does not say, though it may be inferred, from subsequent events, that he was; but, he is studious to tell what risques he ran, and dangers he endured, in travelling through France to the Rhine, during an age of warfare, and demoralization. After escaping many hazards, he at length joined the prince of Orange at his house of Dillenborough. By the prince's people, Churchyard was now "made welcome, with many a mad carouse." At the opening of the campaign, 1568, towards Flanders, they marched: but, for want of money, the prince's army lay for some months, near the Rhine, and at some distance, from such an enemy. Whatever may have been given out, the prince was too penetrating not to perceive the superiority of his opponent, in great talents, in a disciplined army, and the compactness of his force. Meantime, the governor of the Netherlands published an act of tolerance, for the protestants, which enfeebled the prince's arms. Owing to all those causes, the campaign of 1568 passed away, in demonstrations,

rather than in efforts. Churchyard found, in his privations, that his own share of suffering, was not the severest of the patriot soldiers. When the prince of Orange retired from Flanders, and passed into France, our adventurer asked his permission, to visit his native soil. The prince assented, but, warned him, that the French, by some artifice, would arrest his journey. The duke of Alva commanded every Englishman to be detained, as so many pledges, for the Spanish treasure, that had been stopt, in England. We may thus see, that Churchyard ran a double risque of being detained, either in Flanders, or in France. Riding along the limits of the two countries, and pointing to the nearest port, he was betrayed by a peasant, into the hands of banditti, who robbed him of his horse and equipments, and from whom he escaped, by a sort of miracle. These disasters happened, near St. Quinten. And he was now reduced to the necessity of trudging, on foot, sixty miles, through an unfriendly people; while he was hardly treated, by the captain of Peronne, as he pressed forward to Abbeville. He at length found a vessel, which was bound to Guernsey, where he was well received, by captain Leighton, the governor. Yet, in this hospitable isle, he remained not longer, than his refreshment required. And he arrived, at last, after so many disasters, on his native soil, at the beginning of 1569, a year of disturbance, and rebellion.

"So coming home, and 'scap'd from toils abroad,
"(With charged breast, and heavy heaving heart)
"I thought, in court my burden to unload,
"And cast away the cares of former smart.
"But, there alas! my chance is so o'erthwart,
"I sit, and sigh, and fold mine arms withall,
"And in old griefs, afresh begin to fall."

Churchyard was now arrived at the ripe age of forty-nine: and, in this extremity of distress, he was disowned, by the earl of Oxford, for whose service, he had acted so long, and suffered so much. In quest of solace, he retired to Bath, where he was seized with a fever and ague. In this retreat he found some pleasure, and perhaps some profit, in writing *A Discourse of Rebellion, drawn forth, for to warn the wanton Wits, how to keep their Heads on their Soulders**. With Camden, at hand, little commentary is required, to show the application of this well-timed treatise. While he lived, at Bath, on the 21th of May, 1569, Churchyard, seeing some colleaguing among the papists, wrote to Cecil, upon the point, who, with his usual vigilance, took some steps against them; as we may learn, from Strype, who speaks of Churchyard, as in that age, an excellent soldier, and poet, as well as a man of honest principles†.

* It was printed for W. Griffith, 1570.

† Life of Grindal, 138: see Churchyard's letter to Cecil, herein after published, after the list of his writings, among the MSS. No. 1. from the Lansdown Col. in the British Museum.

At length, Churchyard began to lament the want of fortune's gifts; a house, a wife, and children there withal; to bear a piece of all his woes, and to impart the privy pangs he felt: so, from a country soil, a sober wife, he chose. Who she was, and where he found her, it were idle to ask, and vain to inquire*. He was not happy, by this change of his condition. He wanted the means, and the temper, the desire of settlement, which marriage, generally, inspires, and brings. In his own house, with his wife, he seldom dwelt. When thousands slept, I waked, I swet, I swelt, said he, to compass that, I never could attain; and still, *from home, abroad,* I break my brain†. But,

* Yet, have I a strong suspicion, that Churchyard has himself left, in his *Choice*, a satirical account of his worthless wife, under the shadow of "A pitifull complaint, in manner of a tragedie, of seignor Anthonio dell Dondaldue's wife, sometime in "the duke of Florence's court: translated out of Italian prose, "and put into English verse."

It is, in the above tract, sign. Y 1. that Churchyard says,

"That death itself was seen amidst his face
"A *noble earl,* as he beheld his case,
"Brake with the man———"

This was the earl of Oxford, who employed him abroad: and, we thus see, that Churchyard might well say of the earl of Oxford, that he was no more to be compared with the earl of Surrey, *than chalk is with cheese:* yes, Surrey was far superior, as a statesman, as a soldier, as a scholar. In his Pitiful Complaint, he says, that he was taken with an ague: and this circumstance is mentioned, in his letter to Cecil.

† In Churchyard's letter to Cecil, he expresses his wish, for

his future fortunes, and misfortunes, are so extremely obscure, as not to be easily narrated, or even understood; owing to his loose hints, and discontinuous narratives. His wife was certainly alive, in 1579; but without issue by him.

After such a marriage, Churchyard could not remain long at home; but, to the wars he went. The Netherlands continued to be the constant scene of warfare, while the Spaniards, and the duke of Alva, persecuted the States, while the prince of Orange resisted an unfeeling government. The nobles, and the prince, were proscribed. Churchyard and the English stipendiaries, were under captain Morgan, at the siege of Tergues, which was raised, in 1569, by the persevering fortitude of the Spanish soldiers, with the loss of 200 English, and French troops, who were either slain, or taken. After performing great service, sundry times, during half a year, Churchyard was again wounded, and taken prisoner. This happened, in 1570. Churchyard seems to have been now recognised as the soldier, who had mingled, in the late tumult of Antwerp; who had then only escaped death, for his misdeeds, to return, again and again, into a distracted country; he was now imprisoned, as a spy; and was even condemned to lose his head,

an introduction to the queen's ambassador, in France: this intimates, sufficiently, his design to go abroad, in 1569: "for," he adds, "my mynd gyvs me that I shall never dy tyll I heer and se the Gospell advanced to the uttermoest,"

by martial law. The day, which was appointed for his execution, was even arrived, when a noble dame his respite craved; and spoke for him so fair, that the marshal of the camp listened to her speech: and he was pardoned, and again allowed to return home, with money in his purse. The fortunes, and misfortunes, of Churchyard seem to have been faithful representations of the various struggles of victory, and defeat, during that pugnacious age.

Neither the experience, nor the hair-breadth escapes of Churchyard, could restrain him, from mingling in the hostilities of the Netherlands, while protestantism continued to be persecuted. He again seems to have joined with the English volunteers, who defended Zutphen, for the States, which was taken, however, by the son of Alva, in November 1572. Churchyard, at the cool age of fifty-two, now hung up his corslet, like the soldier tired of war's alarms. He computes, in the usual way of his loose arithmetic, to have been a warrior fifty years: but, as he made his first campaign, in 1542, and sheathed his sword, in 1572, the period of his warfare can only be computed, at thirty years of wars, and woes, which left him wasted clean.

We are now to follow Churchyard, during more than thirty years of life's decline, while he subsisted, by his studious labours, amidst the feverish vexation of a shrewish wife. When he could, scarcely, recollect himself what he had written, during half a cen-

tury, it cannot be expected of us, at present, to go into minute accuracy, in giving an enumeration of his numerous tracts, both in prose, and verse.

Often as Churchyard had forsworn the court, when he had finished his last campaign, he immediately returned to his old haunts. He followed the queen, in her progress to Bristol, in August 1574. He now supplied "The whole order how our sove-"reign lady was received in *Bristowe*, and the speeches "spoken before her presence, at her entry, with the "residue of the verses, and matter, that might not be "spoken, for distance of the place*." The poet, very ingeniously, contrived to show the queen some specimens of hostile skirmishing, and of military assault. At the High Cross, in a disguised manner, stood FAME, very orderly set forth, by an excellent boy, who spoke, in the fourteen syllable verse of Phaer's alexandrines:

"Ne fleet of foot, nor swift of wing,
nor scarce the thought in breast;
"Nor yet the arrow out of how,
nor wind, that seld' doth rest;
"Compares with me, quick worlds report,
that some calls *flying fame*,
"A bruit of praise, a blast of pomp,
a blazer of good name:

* Published in his CHIPS, 1575, and republished in Nichols's Progresses, i.

" The only lawd, that kings do seek,
a joy to catch estate,
" A welcome friend, that all men loves,
and none alive doth hate,
" Salutes the queen of rare renown,
whose goodly gifts divine
" Through earth, and air, with glory great,
shall pass this tromp of mine."

Then *Fame* threw up a great garland, to the rejoicing of the beholders. At the next gate, near her highness's lodging, stood three other boys, called SALUTATION, GRATULATION, and OBEDIENT GOOD WILL, who all endeavoured, with active emulation, to outdo each other, in commendation, flattery, and applause. The military operations were performed, on the subsequent day, the first not being long enough, for such verses, for such pleasing falsities, such artful adulation. When the whole came to be published, it was very properly dedicated to " Mister Christopher Hatton, Esquier," the captain of the queen's guard, who probably directed the poet, and his entertainment; and who had been the fast friend of Churchyard, during many years. While Elizabeth thus sat, in the streets of Bristowe, to hear such coarse flattery, Spenser was one-and-twenty, without any production of his muse; and Shakspeare was only ten years old, without feeling, where his genius was to lead him.

In the subsequent year, Churchyard brought out a second edition of the first part of his *Chips*, which had, originally, appeared before the public, in 1565. This edition contains only 56 double pages. The edition of the same work, in 1578, which is still called the *first* edition of Churchyard's Chips, contains 120 double pages, and ends with the order of receiving the queen at Bristowe: the second part was adjoined to the first, in printing the former, at page 57: by having before me both those editions of 1575, and 1578, I see, distinctly, what the truth was, with regard to the first, and second, parts of Churchyard's *Chips* *.

The Netherlands had been so much the adventurous scenes of Churchyard's younger life, that he could not, in his latter days, refrain from visiting those celebrated countries, for commerce, for wars, for policy. He certainly went to Bruxelles, in the autumn of 1576: but, whether he was sent thither, by some great man, or went, in obedience to his own desire, to contemplate the passing scene, appears not. At

* Churchyard thus apologizes for the *title* of his *Miscellany*: "And that from my head, hand, and pen, can flow no farfetched "eloquence, nor sweet sprinkling speeches (seasoned with spiced "terms) I call my works CHURCHYARD'S CHIPS, the baseness where- "of can beguile no man with better opinion, than the substance "itself does import; and indeed, if any other title had been "given to my trifles, than the proper name of *Chips*, men might "have hoped, for graver matter, than the nature of my verses "can produce."

Bruxelles, he saw a meeting of many ambassadors, to concert a pacification, for those wretched countries. He saw the rejoicing for their peace restored. He perhaps remained long enough, to witness the breach of that treaty, by the habitual treachery of don John, the bastard of Austria*. When the civil war was soon after renewed, on the approach of summer, 1577, Churchyard returned to England, at the considerate age of fifty-seven. In the subsequent year, he published, *A lamentable, and pitiful Description, of the woeful Wars, in Flanders, since the four last Years of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, his Reign*†.

The creative faculties of Churchyard were now so well known, that Elizabeth intending to visit Norwich, and Norfolk, in August 1578, he was summoned, to give his assistance, in amusing the queen. Every

* The treaty was made, and confirmed on the 5th January, and the 17th of February, 1576-7. [Churchyard's Civil Wars of the Netherlands, 1602, p. 25.] "A peace was concluded; says "Churchyard, and for the joy thereof I saw a general procession in "Bruxelles, where all the ambassadors, and states, were, (saving "the ambassador of England, and all the nobility of Flanders) "which made such a show, and reached such a length, in the "streets, and tarried so long there, as was a wonder to behold, "and the strangest view that had been seen, in that place, for "many years before; the number of gentlemen being so great, "and the common people so many." Doctor Wilson, he adds, was then English ambassador, in Flanders. [Churchyard's Wars, and Troubles, in Flanders, 1578, p. 62-3.]

† It was printed at London, by Newberie, 1578. 4to.

thing was done by the mayor, sir Robert Wood, to receive her majestie, joyfully, and to evince "the dolor of the citie, at her departure*. The queen remained here several days; and every day brought forth something new, from Churchyard's invention, which seems to have been sufficiently fruitful. The following speech was spoken, by a boy, prepared for the occasion:

"Great things were meant to welcome thee O queen,
"If want of time had not cut off the same:
"Great was our wish, but small is that was seen,
"For us to show, before so great a dame.
"Great hope we have it pleas'd our prince's eye,
"Great were the harms, that else our pains should reap:
"Our grace, or fame, doth in your judgment lye,
"If you mislike, our griefs do grow on heap:
"If for small things, we do great favour find,
"Great is the joy, that Norwich feels this day:
"If well, we wait the greatness of your mind,
"Few words would serve, we had but small to say.
"But, knowing that your goodness takes things well,
"That well are meant, we boldly did proceed:
"And so good queen, both welcome, and farewell;
"Thine own we are, in heart, in word, and deed."

The boy did thereupon throw up his garland; and the queen's highness said:—This is fine! The citi-

* Nichols's Progresses, ii.

zens endeavoured well; nothing very brilliant was expected; and as adulation was the text, Elizabeth was of course pleased with the commentary *. When the queen departed out of the gates of Norwich, Master Churchyard had another show, which being finished, her majestie, in princely manner, marched forwards to the citie's confines †. Before she came there, the mayor intimated to the lord chamberlain, that he had another oration to speak, which his lordship willed him to forbear; as it was seven o'clock, and the queen had five miles to ride. Then she called Mr. Mayor and knighted him; and so departing, said, 'I have laid up in my breast such good-will, as I shall never forget Norwich; and proceeding onward, did shake her riding-rod; and said, Farewell Norwich, with the water standing in her eyes.

Churchyard had scarcely returned to London, from acting his part, in amusing Elizabeth, when he published, in October 1579, *Churchyardes Choise*, a quarto miscellany, in prose, and verse; and containing thir-

* The whole discourse of the queen's majestie's entertainment, in Saffolk, and Norfolk, with a description of many things, then presently seen, was set forth, by Churchyard; and printed, by Bynneman, servant to the rt. hon. sir Christopher Hatton, 4to.; it was republished, in Nichols's Progresses, ii.

† On Thursday, in the morning, saith Churchyard, my lord chamberlain gave me warning, the queen's highness would ride abroad, in the afternoon; and he commanded me to be ready, dutifully to present her with some show.

teen different tracts. More than one half of the volume consists of a general rehearsal of wars, in the Netherlands, in Scotland, in Ireland, which, as the narrative wants dates of time, and place, is now deficient in interest: but, for this defect, he apologizes, by saying, that his object was not to write a chronicle, but a few passages, "for passing of the time, and "pleasuring of his friends," in the manner of the ancient minstrels. His two concluding tracts are *Epitaphs* on the virtuous Edward VI. and the worthy earl of Essex.

In the subsequent year, A. a' Wood appears, to have lost sight of Churchyard, in tracing the events of his life. Time, the revealer of secrets, has disclosed, that our adventurer was obliged, during a year, in which he published many pamphlets, to seek for shelter, in Scotland. The year 1580 was a period of great intrigue, in that country, and some momentous measures. The object of king James, and his minions, was to impeach, and punish the earl of Morton, for his participation, in the murder of the king's father: the purpose of Elizabeth, and her ministers, was, to protect him, by any means. Randolph, the notorious agent of the English government, endeavoured to raise a rebellion of the Scotish barons; and engaged, in the most dangerous measures, till he was driven away, by firing shot into his windows. Churchyard, when he left England, seems not to have

been very hotly pursued; and Elizabeth's agents, perhaps, made use of his blandishments of tale-telling, and poetic scribbling, to sooth the king*. Churchyard, after a while, was viewed with malignant eyes; and he, also, was despitefully used; and was shot at, day after day: whereupon, he asked leave of the king, to depart, which was easily granted him: and he returned southward to Aymouth, at the end of June 1581; whence he wrote to lord Hunsdon, the queen's lieutenant, at Berwick, to allow him to remain, in safety, till he could obtain her majesty's gracious pardon, for his late fact, committed by chance, and against his will†. Churchyard had a friend at court, in sir Christopher Hatton, who had influence sufficient, to obtain greater matters, than a pardon, for

* We know, indeed, from the treasurer's accounts, that in February, 1580-1, there were paid to "Thomas Churchyard, "Inglisman, conform to the K. precept; as the same, and the "said Thomas, acquittance bear, 200*l.*" Scotish money, which was then as eight to one of the English.

† See lord Hunsdon's letter, and Churchyard's statement of the earl of Arran's message, hereinafter published. The fact committed, by Churchyard, which obliged him, to abscond, for a season, I believe was a passage, in his CHOISE, sig. O 1. wherein he speaks too bluntly, "of our sovereign ladie's great regard "to soldiers—who had gone from court, with full hands, that "began with empty purses." The whole paragraph, which is too strongly expressed, must have given great disgust to a court, which affected such extreme delicacy, amounting even to remarkable prudery.

the poor poet's accidental fault. Churchyard remained, at Edinburgh, long enough to see Morton beheaded, on the second of June, 1581; whose *tragedie*, our poet lived to publish, in his *Challenge*, under happier circumstances, in 1593.

There is reason to believe, that Churchyard was not soon restored, either to the freedom of the court, or the benefit of the city. He published much the year before he retreated to Scotland: we see few, indeed, none of his labours, for some years, after his return, in 1581. He was, perhaps, told, that he would do well to be awhile quiet, and his offence would be forgotten*. The first, perhaps, of Churchyard's writings, after his numerous publications of 1580, was his *Scourge for Rebells*, in 1584: "where-"by are many notable services truly set forth, with "every particular point, touching the troubles of "Ireland, as far as the painful, and dutiful service of "the earl of Ormond†." There is reason to believe,

* Churchyard, in the dedication of his *Sparke of Friendship*, and *Warm Gooduill*, to sir Walter Raleigh, in March 1588-9, says, with infinite thankfulness—"Yourself, six years passed "[1582-3] bestowed good speeches to the q. majestie, in my be-"half, by the which, I got some comfortable recreation, to quick-"en my spirits, and keep me in breath." We thus perceive, that Churchyard was not only received into favour, but also obtained some present subsistence; owing to the manly eloquence of Raleigh.

† The above tract was printed, for Cadman, 1584, 4to. [Herbert, 1323: it is in the Brit. Museum.]

that Churchyard was not only restored to his former state, about that time, but was even allowed some pension, or annual subsistence, from the queen's bounty*. His next labour was the *Worthines of Wales*, which he, affectionately, supposes, would delight many thousands; and which seems to have been the precursor of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, though this eminent writer supposed, that his poem was the first of this kind of chorographical illustration: and yet Churchyard in apologizing to the reader, for undertaking, in the end of his days, to make a description of countries, said, whereof, *many before had learnedly handled:* it is not, however, meant, to compare Churchyard with Drayton, as a poet, or the *Polyolbion* of the one, with the *Worthines of Wales* of the other†.

In February 1586–7, appeared Whetstone's *Cen-*

* In 1587, he published his *Worthines of Wales*, which he dedicated to the queen's most excellent majestie: but, he advances to her presence, with great diffidence, and speaks of his work, with abundant circumspection. At the conclusion, he says: "thus "duetifully praying for your majestie's long preservation, (*by "whose bountie, and goodnesse, I, a long while, have lived,*) I wish "your highnesse all the hap, honour, victory, and hart's ease, "that can be desired, or imagined."

† A second part of the *Worthines of Wales* was intimated, in 1594; but, it seems never to have appeared. The Welsh seem never to have been very forward promoters of works on their own literature, or antiquities.

sure of a loyall Subject upon certain notable traitors, and also, of the Scotish queen, now (thanks be to God) cut off, by justice, as the principal root of all their treasons. On the back of the title-page is an advertisement, which is signed, by T. C.; and which is given by the intelligent editor of the BIBLIOGRAPHER, to Thomas Churchyard. This advertisement was, plainly, written by T. C.: but, the orthography is so different, from the absurd spelling of Churchyard, who never wanted gratitude, that I doubt, whether he was the substitute, on this calumnious occasion, of George Whetstone *. This is one of the abominable publications, by which Cecil tried, to calumniate the Scotish queen, even after the grave had closed upon the eyesore of Elizabeth, though not on her compunctions; but, without burying the lasting enmities of her inveterate minister.

In 1588, when every one drew his sword, to oppose *the armada*, Churchyard, a professed soldier, seems only to have drawn his pen. He was now 68, when the military spirit, generally, evaporates, in tales twice told, of youthful feats, in the adventurous field. In this year of danger, and glory, he published, as we have seen, his *Sparke of Friendship*, and *Good Will*, to sir Walter Raleigh, who showed his kindness, for the author, when kindness was of most value to him, who had travelled, through the forest of affliction:

* Bibliographer, iv. 140.

our poet now shows, *the Commoditie of Science*, and *the Benefit of Paper*:

"I praise the man, that first did paper make,
"The only thing, that sets all virtues forth;
"It shows new books, and keeps old works awake,
"Much more of price, than all the world is worth *."

This is a very interesting poem, and merited wel to be republished. In the same memorable year, Churchyard showed his zeal, by writing *A Rebuke to Rebellion*, which he dedicated to the queen, with "ten millions of treble blessings, and fifteen-fold of "good fortunes to her majestie."

Soon after occurred, in 1590, a transaction, which involved Churchyard, in some distress, and Edward Vere, the earl of Oxford, in additional disgrace. The earl, with his servants, took his lodging, and board, in the house of Mrs. Juliana Pen, on St. Peter's-hill,

* This work is reprinted by Mr. Nichols, in his Progresses, ii. There seems to have been some mistake, even by the accurate Ritson, as to an edition of the above work, in 1558, which, if dedicated to Raleigh, must have been when he was only six years old. Churchyard admits what is more important:

"That old art only is revived anew."

He shows, that Thirlby having been sent to the emperor Charles V., as ambassador, at his return brought with him "a learned man, Remegius, by name;" and made, by his device, a paper-mill, but not so much in price, as this, that standeth now near Darthforth, where Spilman, may himself, and household, dwell.

with whom he lived, and lodged, a quarter of a year, and incurred a debt of five and twenty pounds. Being unable, or unwilling to pay this debt, his lordship induced his old servant, Churchyard, to become his security to mistress Pen. The poet, being still poorer than the peer, gave his bond to pay this debt, on a certain day. And, being afraid of an arrest, when the day of payment came, he went into the sanctuary of Westminster. He, however, communicated the whole transaction to the queen's majestie; in order that lord Oxford might be induced to satisfy Mrs. Pen; and to exonerate Churchyard. It does not appear, distinctly, how this strange transaction ended; though there is some reason to think, that both those objects were, after a while, obtained, by lord Oxford's paying Mrs. Pen her debt, and discharging Churchyard of his bond*.

Meanwhile, Churchyard prepared, for publication, *A Feast full of sad cheer*†; being *epitaphs* on the earl of Worcester, sir James Acroft, comptroller of the household, sir William Winter, a naval officer of great merit, sir William Holstock, comptroller of the navy, and Dr. Underhill, the bishop of Oxford. Churchyard showed, on this occasion, what his contemporary poets, also, exhibited, that they did not know the

* See the papers, which are hereinafter published, among his MSS. No. 3.

† It appeared from the press, in 1592.

difference, between an *epitaph*, or an inscription upon a tomb, and an *elegy*, a funereal poem of little length, without any affected elegancies.

We are now arrived, by a long detail, at 1593, the year of Churchyard's CHALLENGE; when, he rejoiced, on his own good fortune, by receiving from a gracious queen, a settled pension*. In the year 1593, he also published *A pleasant Conceite*, penned in verse; colourably set forth, and humbly presented, on new year's day last, to the queen's majestie, at Hampton Court. Here is his memorable address to the queen of his *Pleasant Conceite*†: "May it please your ma-"jestie: so long as breath is in my breast, life in the "heart, and spirit in the head, I cannot hold the hand, "from penning some acceptable device to your ma-"jestie, *not to compare (in mine own over weening) with* "*the rare poets of our flourishing age;* but, rather coun-"terfeiting to set forth the workes of an extraordinary "painter, that hath drawn, in a pleasant conceit, divers "flowers, fruits, and famous towns: which *pleasant*

* The above volume contains no fewer, than two and twenty distinct treatises, in prose and verse: the 1st is the tragedie of the earl of Morton; the 2d is the tragedie of Simon Burlie, which had been printed before: these two seem to have been designed, for the Mirrour for Magistrates. The *Tragedie of Shore's Wife*, which was one of his earliest works, was now much augmented, and republished.

† The above work was printed, in 1593, by Ward; and reprinted, by Nichols, in his Progresses, ii.

"*conceipt*, I have presumed, this new-year's day, to pre-
"sent to your majestie, in sign, and token, that your
"gracious goodness towards me, often times, (*and*
"*chiefly now, for my pension,*) shall never go out of my
"remembrance, with all dutiful services, belonging to
"a loyal subject."

In the foregoing address, the humility of the venerable bard is remarkable. He had lived long enough to perceive a variety of transcendant poets arise around him; his judgement enabled him to feel their vast superiority; and his prudence induced him to avow his own feelings of his inferiority: of those poets, Spenser is still allowed to stand in the foremost ranks of the British muses: and Shakspeare has not yet been equalled, and perhaps will never be surpassed. In that address, we may see the adulation, as well as the gratitude of Churchyard. In a strain of independent feelings of enjoying a provision for life, he thus, at length, broke out:

"The book, I called, of late, *my dear Adieu*,
"Is now become, my *Welcome home most kind:*
"For old mishaps are heal'd with fortune new,
"That brings a balm, to cure a wounded mind:
"From God, and prince, I now such favour find,
"That full afloat, in flood, my ship sure rides,
"At anchor hold against all checking tides."

Endeavours had been, meantime, used, to perpe-

tuate a former enmity, between Nash and Churchyard: but, Nash had manfully spoken out, in favour of the old bard, when he published his *Foure letters confuted*, 1593: "*Shore's Wife* is yong, said he, though "you [Churchyard] be stept in yeares; in her, shall "you live, when you are dead." The bard felt this cheering effusion of Nash: and, in his *Pleasant Conceite*, he thus cried out;

"No writer, now, dare say the crowe is blacke;
"For cruel kytes will crave the cause, and why?
"A fair white goose bears feathers on her backe,
"That gaggles, still, much like a chatt'ring pye:
"The angel bright, that Gabriel is in skye,
"Shall know, that Nashe I love, and will do still,
"When Gabriel's * words scarce wins our world's good will."

Such was the warfare of the wits, during those good old times! Churchyard, at length, concluded his *Pleasant Conceite*, "this work, I send, till greater "books come out." In 1594, he intimated, that his next work should be, *The second Part of the Worthines of Wales*, which, by God's grace, shall be dedicated to the queen's majestie: but, this *second part* never came. In the same year, 1594, he published *The*

* Gabriel Harvey. Richard Harvey, his brother, even before 1563, had printed in *a broadside*, a decree (in verse), betwene Churchyarde and Camel.

Mirror and Manners of Men, a poem, which he had written, he says, *fifty* years before*. In 1594, he also published *Giacomo di Grassi his true art of defence, &c. englished by J. G. gentleman,* with a dedication, by Churchyard, the publisher, to the lord Burrow, the governor of the Breil†. In his *Mirror and Manners for Men,* he had said, "All the other books pro-"posed comes out, shortly, *wherein to take my leave* "*of writing.*"

Yet, Churchyard may be said, literally, to have died with his pen in hand. Like other men, who had written much, he continued to scribble, while he could hold his quill. In 1595, he published *A musical Consort of heavenly Harmonie* (compounded out of many parts of musick), called *Churchyard's Charitie*‡. This curious, and rare work, he dedicated to the earl of Essex: in this, he was very prudently more attentive to the father than to the son. He apologized, for the subject, and title of his book, on *the Coldness of Charitie;* because a great nobleman told me, this last wet summer, "the weather was too "cold for poets." And he again mentions that, by

* Herbert, p. 1813: in the enumeration of his works, which was prefixed to his CHALLENGE, 1593, he states a book, that he had published, in king Edward's days, *The Mirror of Man.* [ib. 1806.] In that reign, also, he penned, *Shore's Wife.*

† Ib. 826.

‡ Herbert, p. 1808: Censura Literaria, iii. No. xiii.

reason of his great age, his wits, and inventions, were almost wearied, writing books, (this being one of the last) I took this task in hand, to dilate somewhat of *Charitie.* He concludes his well meaning, but desultory work, with the following stanza, which must be allowed to be written, like a poet, *wet as the season was:*

" The wise, well won, weighs each thing as it ought,
" Mistakes no term, nor sentence wrests awrie;
" The *fond* will read awhile, but cares for nought,
" Yet, casts on each man's works a frowning eie:
" This neither treats of matters low, nor hie,
" But, finds a mean, that each good meaning might,
" In all true means, take Charitie aright."

Churchyard, according to his wonted practice, annexed to his work on Charitie, a poem, *in praise of Poetrye,* with some notes, drawn out of the *Apologie* of the noble-minded knight, sir Philip Sidney. Of this poem, in which the author changed his measure, with great facility, it is said, by a competent judge, with great truth; " I much doubt, whether any of " our elder bards have transmitted a more curious " relique, or have afforded a more pleasing testimony " of liberal attention to the professors of the art they " cultivated*:" in this poetical effusion, the author displays more reading, and more acquaintance with

* Censura Literaria; by T. P.

ancient lore, and more knowledge of the then recent poets, than could have been expected, from an author, who, plainly, had but a very irregular education; and who, as a soldier, had *trailed the pike,* during thirty years of his life, abroad. In speaking of the Scotish poets, he instances *Davy Lindzey,* and *Buckananus*; yet, Buchanan was not an adequate example; as he has left no poetry, in the vernacular language of vulgar use: and, Churchyard seems not to have been acquainted with Dunbar, the great poet of Scotland, in the Scotish speech.

Notwithstanding Churchyard's complaints of his age, and infirmities, he continued to write, for the booksellers, and to contribute complimentary verses to his literary friends, who considered our poet's praise, as of considerable effect*. He endeavoured to cultivate the patronage of Essex, even after it had ceased, to be of any value to his votaries. The glare of Essex seems to have dimmed the aged eyes of Churchyard, who saw not, that this meteor might, ere while, plunge its followers in a bog: and our poet seems not to have then observed the ascending star of the younger Cecil, the first earl of Salisbury, who was then rising fast into his father's influence, with, perhaps, superior talents. The difference, in the ages

* See the *Fortunate Farewell to the most forward earl of Essex,* 1599; and his *Welcome Home* to the earl of Essex, in the same year.

of the two characters may have contributed to have kept them asunder. In 1600, Churchyard published, *The History of the Civil Wars of France**: but, when he attempted, in the subsequent year, to translate the work of Meteren, on the civil conflicts of the Netherlands, he failed: and as he avowed, in his dedication, to the earl of Hartford, "often falling sick, and like "to pass from the world, I called unto me one Richard "Robinson, a man, more debased by many, than he "merits of any; being one, whom I might command, "and kept a long while, for this purpose†." The candle, we thus see, was now burnt down into the socket, sometimes blazing up, and otherwhiles glimmering in opacity, till it disappeared, in smoke.

When the age, and infirmities, the cares, and compunctions, of Elizabeth, deprived her of life, on the 27th of March 1602–3, we do not perceive, that Churchyard followed her with an *epitaph:* we are told, however, that when James made his entry to London, during the same year, our aged bard offered

* Herbert, 1197.

† The above work was published, under the title of *A true Discourse historical of the succeeding governors of the Netherlands.* Translated, and collected, by Thomas Churchyard, *Esquire*, and Richard Robinson. Imprinted for Lownes, 1602, 4to. It is in my library. The above was, no doubt, the same Richard Robinson, citizen of London, who compiled *The Reward of Wickedness*, &c. Ritson's Bibl. 311-13; and see the *Censura Literaria*, iv. 36-9.

him *A Pœan Triumphal**: and, in 1604, his muse contributed *A blessed Balm, to search, and salve Sedition*†. There could be no motive, at the commencement of a new reign, for taking, from such an aged warrior, and bard, the pension, which the late queen had given him; at least we hear of no complaint of such harshness, from a king, who, from descent, was good-natured, and from habit profuse. Arrived, at length, at the advanced age of eighty-four, Churchyard died, in Westminster, about the 1st of April, 1604, and was, certainly, buried, as the parish register evinces, on the 4th day of the same month, in the quire of St. Margaret's church, near his favourite Skelton, and not in the church-porch, according to a ludicrous epitaph, in Camden's Remains. He left no will, and there was no administration on an estate, that did not exist; as we learn from the proper record. He left no children; and what became of his wife, after 1579, does not appear. This memoir may, perhaps, be fitly concluded, with his own Alexandrine couplet:

"The chiefest jewel of our life, is virtue's laud well won,
"Which lives, within the other world, when fame of this is done."

* Harleian pamphlets; Ritson's Poets, 1581.
† Id.

A List of the Writings of Churchyard.

It is said, Mr. Malone somewhere, calls Churchyard a *poetaster*, though he had surely some merits above those of a poetaster*: but, it is, elsewhere, shown, that the opinions of the ingenious critic, before-mentioned, were not always founded in fitness. On the other hand, F. Meres, M.A. of both the universities, hath observed, in his *Wits Treasury:* "As "the following are famous, among the Greeks, for "*Elegie;* Melanthus, Mymnerus Colophonius, Mysius, "Parthenius Nicæus, Philetus Cous, Theogenes Me-"garensis, and Pigres Halicarnassæus; and the fol-"lowing, among the Latins, Mecænas, Ovid, Tibullus, "Propertius, T. Valgius, Cassius Severus, and Clodius "Sabinus: so, the following are the most passionate, "among us, to bewail, and bemoan, the perplexities of "love: Henry Howard, the earl of Surrey, sir Thomas "Wyat, the elder, sir Francis Brian, sir Philip Sid-"ney, sir Walter Raleigh, sir Edward Dyer, *Spenser*, "Daniel, Drayton, *Shakespeare*, Whetstone, Gascoyne, "Samuel Page of C. C. C. Oxford, Churchyard, "Bretton." We now perceive, that the poetaster of our critic was honourably ranked, by a competent judge, among the great poets of his age; among some such poets, as have not often been equalled,

* Censura Literaria.

and will not soon be surpassed. If from the elevation of Meres, we bring down Churchyard to the standard of Fuller, we shall find, that, as a poet, "he "may run abreast, with any of that age, writing in "the beginning of Elizabeth's reign." The contributor to the MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES, which occupies the annals of English poetry, from Surrey to Spenser, must have run abreast with the poetick authors; with Sackville, with Baldwin, with Ferrers, and the other poets, who published the metrical materials of that elaborate miscellany*. Many things, in the booke of songes and sonettes, which was then printed [Surrey's Poems, 1557] were of my making, said our poet†. But, whether Churchyard's goods can be so distinguished, as to induce Dr. N. to part with them, I very much doubt. Churchyard, also, contributed something to the *Paradise of dainty Devices*, 1576. But, the very intelligent editor of the late republication of that elegant work, seems not to

* In the Prologue, fol. clvi. a. Baldwin says, he was exhorted [by Sackville, no doubt] "to procure Maister Churchyarde to "undertake, and to penne, as many of the remainder, as myght "be obtayned, &c." His *Tragedie of Shore's Wife*, alone, evinces how well he merited that solicitation. "*Shore's Wife* is young," says Nash, "though you be stept in years; in her shall you "live, when you are dead." Ritson's Bibl. 165. In his *Pleasant Conceite*, 1593, Churchyard repaid the civility of Nash, as we have, already, seen.

† Ritson's Bibl.

have adverted, that Ritson had specified the very article, which belonged to Churchyard: and it stands No. 19, without any name, or initials, or mark, which would enable the curious inquirer to recognise the object of his search. Churchyard's ode is in p. 18; whereby *he persuadeth his friend, from the fond effectes of love:*

"Why art thou bound, and maist go free,
"Shall reason yeelde to raging wyll?
"Is thraldome like to libertie?
"Wilt thou exchange thy good for ill?
"Then, shalt thou learne a childishe play;
"And of eche part to taste, and prove,
"The lookers on shall judge, and say,
"Loe! this is he, that lives by love.

"Thy wittes, with thoughtes, shal stand at stay,
"Thy head shall have but heavie rest;
"Thy eyes shall watche for wanton prayes,
"Thy tongue shall show thy harte's request;
"Thy eares shall heare a thousand noyse,
"Thy hand shall put thy pen to pain;
"And in the ende, thou shalt dispraise
"The life so spent, for such small gaine.

"If leve, and list, might never cope,
"Nor youth to runne from reason's race;
"Nor, yf strong sute might winne sure hope,
"I would lesse blame a lover's case:

" For love is hotte, with great desire,
" And sweete delight makes youth so fond,
" That little sparkes wyl proove great fyre,
" And bring free hartes to endlesse bond."

This elegant poem would alone justify the standard of Fuller, that Churchyard's muse might run abreast with the noble coursers, which tried their speed over the delightful downs of the *Dayntie Devises*. If other proof were wanting, it might be found, in the many commendatory verses, which Churchyard supplied to the numerous works of poetry, or of learning, throughout the long reign of Elizabeth.

We have thus seen, that the poetical antiquaries would, necessarily, find it no easy task to form a compleat list of Churchyard's various writings, which were often temporary, and sometimes obscure. Much has been done, during recent times, to make A. a' Wood's catalogue more perfect. And I have now made one more effort, to ascertain the chronological collection of the literary labours of a man, who wrote, during seven-and-fifty years of woe, and wretchedness, still more full, and precise.

The earliest works of Churchyard were, obviously, the poetical pieces [many things] which he gave to lord Surrey, while the poet lived with him, from 1537 to 1541; and which were published, in *Totel's Miscellany*, 1557; and reclaimed, by the true author.

During the reign of Edward VI. he published, in 4to., A Mirrour for a Man, wherein he shall see the miserable state of the world. *Tanner.*

In the same period, Churchyard says, that he wrote a book, named *Davie Dicar's Dream*, in verse, which one Camel wrote against, whom I openly confuted*. *Ritson's Bibl. Herbert*, 1806. *Shore's Wife*, he penned in *that season*, says the author.

In queen Mary's reign, a book, called, *A New Year's Gift to all England*; which book treated of rebellion. And many things, in the booke of songes and sonnets, printed then [Surrey's Poems, 1557], were of my making, said the author. *Ritson's Bibl.*

* The controversy, between Churchyard, and Camel, brought out the following tracts, as we may learn from Herbert: 1. The Debate, between Churchyard and Camell. 4to. Herbert, 1571; 2. Camell's Rejoinder to Churchyard; or Camell's conclusion, &c. in verse. Ib. 845, a broadside; 3. A playn and final confutation of Camell's Corlyke Oblatracion. A folio sheet. Ib. 923. This controversy took place in 1551-2; 4. A Decree, between Churchyard, the poet, and Camell. A broadside. Herbert, 1312.

"A decree upon the dreame, made by Davy Dicar,
"With answer to Camel, whose taunts be more quiker."

5. Western Wyll, upon the debate, between Churchyard and Camell. With David Dicar's Dream. In six-line stanzas. 4to. Herbert, 739. 6. The contention betwixte Churchyard and Camell, upon David Dicar's Dream, sett out in such order, that it is bothe wyttye and profytable, for all degrees, 1560. 4to. Herbert, 1789. There seems to have been another edition of this, in 1565.

The booke, called, *The Golden Nut;* which was dedicated to queen Mary.

1559. In the *Mirrour for Magistrates,* 1559, Churchyard has the legend of Lord Mowbray. In subsequent editions, Shore's Wife, and other tragedies were inserted.

1562. A Commendation of Music was licensed to Griffeth, in 1562, by Churchyard.

1565. A Farewell; or Churchyard's Farewell, from the Court to the Country, 1565. *Herbert,* 924.

1565. The Firste Part [there never was a *second* part] of Churchyardes CHIPPES; contayninge twelve severall labours. Devised and published onlye by Thomas Churchyard, gent. 1565, 1575, 1578*. 4to.

1566. The Lamentation of Churchyarde's Friendshippe. A ballad, between July 1565 and July 1566. *Herbert,* 1312. The Courtier and the Carter, a ballad. *ib.*

1568. Commendatory verses prefixed to the Workes of Maister Skelton, poete laureate. Printed by Marsh, 1568. 12mo.

* The *Chips* are, 1. The Siege of Leeth; 2. A Farewel to the Worlde; 3. A fayned Fancie of the Spyder and the Gowte; 4. A dolefull Discourse of a Lady and a Knight; 5. The Rode into Scotland, by Sir Will. Druery, Knight; 6. Sir Symond Burley's Tragedie; 7. A tragicall Discourse of the unhappy Man's Life; 8. A Discourse of Vertue; 9. Churchyard's Dreame; 10. A tale of a Frier and a Shoemaker's Wife; 11. The Siege of Edenborough Castle; 12. The whole Order of the receiving of the Queenes Majestie into Bristow.

1569. A Dyscourse of Rebelles drawne fourth to warre, 1569–70, for Griffeth. *Herbert*, 924.

1572. Commendatory verses, by Churchyard, to Huloet's Dictionarie, newlye corrected, 1572. *Herbert*, 861.

1572. Commendatory verses, by Churchyard, to Jones's Bathes of Bathes Ayde, 1572. *Herbert*, 1008.

1574. Commendatory verses, prefixed to Lloyd's Pilgrimage of Princes. 4to. 1574. *ib.* 1819.

1575. The second Edition, 1575, of the first part of Churchyard's Chips. The contents are enumerated, in *Herbert*, 864.

1574–5. The Booke given to her Majesty at Bristowe, when I made the whole Device, 1574–5.

1576. Commendatory verses, prefixed to Cardanne's Comforte, translated into English, by Bedingfeld, 1576. 4to. *Herbert*, 865.

1576. A Persuasive from Love, which he contributed to the *Paradise of Daintie Devices*, 1576.

1577–8. The thre first Bookes of Ovid de Tristibus, translated by Churchyard, for Tho. East, 1577–8. *Herbert*, 1799.

1578. Commendatory verses to Barnabe Riche's Allarme to England, &c. *ib.* 1079.

1578. A lamentable and pitifull Description of the wofull Warres in Flaunders. 4to. *Herbert*, 906. There seems to have been another edition, in 1579. *British Museum.*

1578. The Book of receiving the Queen at Norwiche, Aug. 1578. *Nich. Progresses. Herbert,* 666.

1578–9. The Book of the Queen's Entertainment in Suffolke, and Norfolke, 1578–9. *Herbert,* 983.

1578. A Prayse and Report of Maister Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita, 1578. Maunsell, 4to. *Herbert,* 1135.

1579. Churchyard's Choise, 1579*: dedicated to sir Christopher Hatton, Vice Chamberlain, and Captain of the Guard. 4to. 1579. *Herbert,* 1200. It is in my library.

1580. A Warning to the Wise, a Feare to the Fond, a Bridle to the Lewde, and a Glasse to the Good: written of the late Earthquake, chanced in

* The contents are: 1. A generall Rehearsall of Warres, in the Netherlands, in Scotland, in Ireland, and at Sea, which comprehend one half of the volume; 2. An Abstracte of the Auctboritie, and Entertainemente, that was given and committed by the Hon. Sir Henry Sidney, Knight, Lorde Deputie of Irelande, to Sir Humfrey Gilbert, &c. (in prose); 3. A Mirrhor for Rebelles to looke into, where the death of one Roorie Oge, in Irelande, (whose life was alwaies without order), doeth shewe, that the reward of vice is ever open shame, and a foule ende; 4. A small Rehersall of some special Services in Flaunders of late, part whereof were in the tyme of Don Jhon's government, and the reste beyng doen in the present service of the Prince of Parma, now governour of Flaunders; 5. A Description or Discourse, that declareth how, that by tastyng of miseries, men become happie, &c. 6. A pitefull Complaint, in maner of a tragedie, of Seignior Anthopio dell Dondaldoe's wife, somtyme in the Duke of Florence's

London, and other places, the 6th of April, 1580: set forth, in verse, and prose, by Thomas Churchyard, gent. 1580. 8vo. *Herbert*, 891.

1580. Churchyard's Chance, containing Fancies, Verses, Epitaphs, &c. Lond. 1580. 4to. *Ritson's Bibl.*

1580. The Services of Sir William Drury, Lord Justice of Ireland, in 1578 and 1579. Lond. 1580. 4to. *Herbert*, 1654. Additions to the writers of Ireland, 363.

1580. A light Bondel of livelie Discourses, called Churchyardes CHARGE, presented as a New Year's Gift to the Right Honourable the Earle of Surrie; in which bondel of verses is sutche varietie of matcourte; translated out of Italian prose, and putte into Englishe verse. This covertly relates to the misconduct of his own wife, and his own misery; 7. A heavie Matter of an Englishe Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, in maner of a tragedie: whiche gentlewoman called her freende the wanderyng prince; (relating, perhaps, to himself, and his froward wife); 8. A Pirate's Tragedie, beyng a gentleman of a verie good house; made at the request of Maister Peter Caroe [Carew] Capitaine of Laughlin in Ireland, and sette out to shewe the miserable life of a rover, whose wretched desire of other men's goodes bringes open shame, and a violente death; 9. A Letter sent from the noble Erle of Ormonde's House at Kilkennie, to the Honourable Sir Henry Sidney, then Lorde Deputie, and liyng at Korke, in Irelande (in verse); 10. The Epitaphe of the rare vertuous Prince (and towardes impe of grace), Kyng Edward the sixte; 11. The Epitaphe of the worthie Erle of Essex (the father).

ter, and several inventions, that maie bee as delightfull to the reader, as it was a charge and labour to the writer, sette forthe for a peece of pastime*: printed by Kingston, 1580. 4to.

1580. A true Report of a dangerous Service, attempted and brought to pass, by Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Walloons, for the taking of Machlin, in Flanders: dedicated to Lord Norrice. Lond. 1580. 12mo. *Tanner.*

1580. His Wonders of Wiltshire, and the Earthquake of Kent. 1580. 8vo. *Tanner.*

1582. A pleasant and delightful History of Galesius, Cymon and Iphigenia, describing the fickleness of fortune in love: translated out of Italian into English verse, by T. C. Gentleman. Lond. by N. Weir, without date. 4to. 1582? Wyer, also, printed a ballad, intituled, "The Lamentation of Churchyard's Friendship."

1582. The right pleasant and variable tragical History of Fortunatus: first penned in the Dutch

* The contents are: 1. A Storie translated out of Frenche; 2. Churchyard's Farewell from the Court, the seconde yere of the Queenes Majestie's reign; 3. Of a mightie great Personage; 4. Of Beutie and Bountie; 5. Of one that by dissembling fed his Desire; 6. Of Stedfastnesse and Constancie; 7. Of one that found Falshed in Felowship; 8. Written to a virtuous Gentlewoman, whose name [*Damport*] is in the verse; 9. A Farewell to fondlyng; 10. Written to the goode Lord Maior of London, now in office, called Sir Nicholas Woodroffe, Knight.

tongue, hence abstracted, and now first of all published, in English, by T. C. Lond. 1682; but certainly printed before 1600 *Ritson's Bibl.* 169.

1583. A Praise of the Bowe, and Commendation of Robinson's ancient order, &c. of Prince Arthur, 1583.

1584. A Scourge for Rebells; whereby are many notable services truely set out, with every particular point, touching the troubles of Ireland, as farre as the painfull and dutifull service of the Earl of Ormond. Lond. for Cadman, 1584. 4to. *Herbert,* 1223. It is in the Brit. Museum.

1587. The Worthines of Wales; printed by Robinson, for Cadman, 1587. 4to. *Herbert,* 1237. It is in my library. A second part was intimated; but it never appeared. The first was reprinted, in 1776.

1587. Commendatorie Verses in Praise of Gascoigne's Posies, prefixed to the whole Woorkes of George Gascoigne, Esquire: newlye compyled into one volume. Lond. imprinted by Jeffes. 1587. 4to.

1587. An Epitaph of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, lately, Lord Governor of Flushing. Lond. by Robinson, without date, in one sheet, 4to. (1587.) In a volume of old tracts, in the Bodleian. *Athenæ,* the new edit. 734.

1588. A Spark of Friendship and warm Goodwill, that shows the effect of true affection, and unfolds the fineness of this world: whereunto is joined

the Commodity of sundry Matters rehearsed in the same: with a Description, and Commendation of a Paper Mill, now of late set up (near to the town of Dartford) by a High German, called Mr. Spilman, jeweller to the Queen's most excellent Majestie. Lond. 1588. 4to. *Harl. Miscell.* iii. 249. *Herbert*, 1681.

1588. A Rebuke to Rebellion. *Nic. Progresses*, ii.

1592. A Feast full of sad Cheer, being Epitaphs on the Earl of Worcester, Sir James Acroft, the comptroller of the household, Sir William Winter, Sir William Holstock, comptroller of the navy, Dr. Underhill, the bishop of Oxford, &c. Lond. 1592, 4to. In the Bodleian.

1593. Churchyard's CHALLENGE: Lond. by Wolfe, 1593. 4to. It is in my library*. It was dedicated

* This copy had belonged to Thos. Hearne in January, 1730, as we know, from his *autograph*; of the gift of James West; and Hearne says, with some satisfaction, Mr. Wood never saw this book, nor Mr. Ames. The contents of Churchyard's Challenge are: 1. The Earle of Murton's Tragedie; 2. Sir Simon Burlei's Tragedie; 3. *The Man is but his Minde*, dedicated to his good friend, Sir John Skidmoer; 4. A Discourse of true Manhoode, dedicated to Sir Edward Dimmocke, Champion, by birth, to the Queene's Majestie; 5. A Warning to the Wanderers abroad, that seekes to sow dissention at home (in verse), dedicated to Sir Michael Blount, Lieutenant of the Tower; 6. The honor of a Souldier, dedicated to Sir George Carew, Lieutenant of the Ordnance; 7. A Discourse (in verse) of Gentlemen lying in

to Sir John Wolley, Knight, Secretary for the Latin tung, to the Queen. *Herbert*, 1806?

London, that were better keepe house at home in their countrey, dedicated to Sir John Savage; 8. A Discourse (in verse) of an old Souldier and a young, dedicated to Sir Henry Knevet; 9. A Discription, or Discourse, that declareth how that by tasting of miseries, men are become happie, dedicated to Sir William Hatton; wherein he deplores the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, and the great sums of money, Sir William was, by that accident, left to pay; 10. A Commendation to them, that can make Gold, shewing that many heretofore hath found out the Philosopher's Stone; dedicated to Sir John Russell; 11. The Tragedie of Shore's Wife, much augmented with divers new additions, dedicated to Lady Mounteagle and Compton; 12. A Story (in verse) of an Eagle and a Lady, excellently set out in Du Bartas; 13. A tragical Discourse (in verse) of the haplesse Man's Life [the author's life]; 14. A Dreame; 15. A Poem on himself, dedicated to Lady Puckering; 16. A few plaine Verses of Truth against the Flatterie of time, made when the Queen's Majestie was last at Oxenford, dedicated to Lady Anderson; 17. Verses of value, if Virtue be seene, made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene, when the Queen lay at Hampton-Court; 18. Verses taken out of Belleau made of his own mistress; 19. Verses, translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune; 20. A Farewell, when I went to studie, written to the World, 21. A tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman, dedicated to all those ladyes, that holdes a good name precious, (in verse); this discarded gentlewoman, he adds, went a walking twentye yeares, and yet cannot finde the waie home to her husband [Churchyard?]; 22. A dolfull Discourse of a great Lorde and a Ladie, translated out of French into English (verse).

1594. The Mirror and Manners of Men, 1594. 4to. (Written, the says, fifty years before.) Recently reprinted, by Mr. Boswell's munificence.

1593. The Booke called A pleasant Conceit, and New Year's Gift to the Queen's Majestie, 1593. In *Nichols's Progresses.*

1594. Giacomo di Grassi, his true Art of Defence, &c. Englished by J. G. gent. was published by T. Churchyard. Lond. 1594, 4to. with a Dedication, by the Publisher, to Lord Burrow, the Lord Governor of the Breil, &c. *Herbert*, 826.

1595. A musical Consort of Heavenly Harmonie (compounded out of many Parts of Musick) called Churchyard's Charitie. Lond. printed by Hatfield, for Holme, 1595, 4to. *Herbert*, 1808; *Censura Literaria*, iii. 327.

1596. A Praise of Poetry: some notes thereof drawn out of the Apologie, the noble-minded knight Sir Philip Sidney wrote: printed with the former, and reprinted in *Censura Literaria*, iii. iv.

1596. A sad and solemne Funeral of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Knowles, Knight, &c. Dedicated to Lord Delaware. Four leaves, 4to.

1596. The Honor of the Lawe: written by Thos. Churchyard, gent. 1596, 4to. *Herbert*, 1213.

1596. A pleasant Discourse of Court, and Wars, 1596, 4to. *Tanner.*

1597. Commendatory Verses prefixed to the whole

Course of Chirurgerie, &c. by Peter Lowe, Scotsman. Lond. 1597, 4to. *Herbert,* 1902.

1597. Choice Mirror of Honour. *Tanner,* 180.

1598. The wished Reformation of wicked Rebellion. *Id.*

1599. The fortunate Farewell to the most forward and noble Earl of Essex, &c. Lond. 1599, 4to. *Herbert,* 1808.

1599. The Welcome-Home of the Erle of Essex: entered forward 1st October, 1599. From the edit. of Bolefont it was reprinted in the *Progresses.*

1600. The Devises of Warre, and a Play at Awsterley, her Highness being at Sir Thomas Gresham's.

1600. The History of the Civil Wars of France, by Churchyard. Lond. 1600, 4to. *Herbert,* 1197.

1602. A true Discourse historical of the succeeding Governors, in the Netherlands, and the Civil Wars there begun, in the Yeare 1565, &c. By Thos. Churchyard, and Rich. Robinson. Lond. for Lownes, 4to. In my library.

1602. The Wonders of the Air, the Trembling of the Earth, and the Warning before the Judgement-day. (In prose.) Inscribed to Doctor Cæsar. Lond. 4to.

1603. A Pæan triumphal upon the King's Entry to London from the Tower. *Ritson's Bibl.*

1604. Churchyard's Goodwill, sad, and heavy Verses, in the nature of an Epitaph, for the loss of

the Archbishop of Canterbury. [Whitgift d. 29 Feb. 1603–4.] Lond. by Stafford. Four leaves, containing six stanzas of ten lines, 4to. Inscribed to Bancroft, the Bishop of London. Reprinted by Mr. T. P in the *Heliconia*, 1809.

1604. A blessed Balm to search and salve Sedition, 4to. 1604, in verse. *Id.* On account of the plot, in which the two priests, Watson, and Clarke, were implicated.

To the foregoing list, long as it is, must be added: "These works following were gotten, from me," said Churchyard, "by some noble friends, as I am loath "to offend. Æneas Tale to Dydo, largely and truely "translated, out of Virgill, which I once showed the "Q. M. and had it again. A Book of the Oath of a "Judge, and the Honour of Law, delivered to a "stationer, who sent it to the l. cheefe baron, that "died; [recovered, and printed, in 1596.] A book of a "sumptuous Show in Shrovetide, by Sir Walter Raw-"ley, Sir Robert Carey, Mr. Chidley, and Mr. Arthur "Gorges, in which book was the whole sarvice of my "L. of Lester mentioned, that he, and his train, did "in Flanders; and the gentlemen pensioners, proved "to be a great piece of honour to the court: all which "book was in as good *verse*, as ever I made: an ho-"nourable knight dwelling in Blackfriars, can witness "the same; because I read it unto him A great piece

"of work, translated out of the French poet, Seignior "Dubartas, which work treated of a lady and an eagle, "most divinely written on, by Dubartas; and given "by me to a great lord of this land, who saith it is lost. "An infinite number of other songs, and sonnets, given "where they cannot be recovered, nor purchase any "favour, when they are craved." "My next booke," says he, at the end of his preface to the *Challenge*, "shalbe the last booke of *the Worthines of Wales*. And "my last booke, called my *Ultimum Vale*, shalbe (if "it please God) twelve long Tales for Christmas, de- "dicated to twelve honorable lords," which, if successful, would have proved a tolerable Christmas-box.

In the dedication to Sir John Wolley, he thus expresses himself: "The long travell, and tracing out "of life, in this wearisome pilgrimage, having brought "me now almost to the ende of my journey, makes "me glad to be rid of the burdens of my minde, and "the labours of my body, the one never free from "studie, and the other seldome voide of toyle; and "yet, both of them, neither brought great benefite to "the life, nor blessing to the soule; in which small "rest, and unquietnes, many sorrowfull discourses, "in my dayes, I have written, and numbers of bookes "I have printed. And because, they shall not be bu- "ried with me, I *challenge* them all as my children, "to abide behinde me in the worlde, &c." [Ritson's *Bibl. Poetica*, 166–8.]

The three following MSS. are printed herein, from the originals, in the British Museum:

1. Churchyard's Letter to Sir W. Cecil, from Bath, the 24th of May, 1569. [From the Lansdowne MSS. Vol. xi. No. 56.]

2. A Letter from Lord Hunsdon, Governor of Berwick, to Secretary Walsingham, from Berwick, the 28th of June, 1581: conveying *Churchyard's Statement of the Message, which the Earl of Arran charged him to deliver to Lord Hunsdon.* [From the Harley MSS. No. 6999.]

3. Several Papers, concerning Churchyard's being security for a debt of Edward, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Great Chamberlain of England, to Mrs. Juliana Pen. [From the Lansdowne MSS. Vol. lxviii. No. 113.]

CHURCHYARD'S LETTERS.

No. 1.

To Sir W. Cecil, from Bath.

DUETY don moest honorable, I am boeld because I toek nott my leave (whear I found sutch favor and forwardnes towards my suett) to wrytt thys letter

whearby I hoep my eskues* is not only maed, butt also I contynue in the good opynyon off your honor, and to encreace the saem I do advertyes your honor off such thyngs as I have seen suspycyosly handled among the papysts whoes practyses dryvs me to presuem thatt they have, or may pas thear compas wyth som prowd attemptt or folly; and suerly the unbrydled brayeng and talk off *Bonnar's* dyssypulls doth argue som cuerles corrsy† is closly creptt in thear cankred mynds, the troeth is, moest honorable, havyng occasyon to lye in *Baeth* xx dayes I sawe sutch assemblee and company off gentyllmen as maed me to muesse‡ off so great a repayr and wayeng thear callyngs and Crystyan relygyon, I fownd by good proeff and tryall thatt all the hoell trowpp in a manner wear hyndrars off God's word and hys Gospell, syr *Jhon Sowthworth* off Lankesheer, a leadar off thatt ryng, I fownd in a corner butt nott wyth *Straullyng*, who in theas partyes is no lyttell doar; and remayns in greatt admyracyon among thys affynyte. Other gentyllmen off dyvers naems wear heer in lyk sortt, and syr Jhon Sowthworth dyd att sord oen season seeke conference wyth them, but in verey deed heer is an *Italyan* called *Jacobyen*, a laem man, whoes abydyng is moest in Sowthampton, and thys is the man thatt may do mutch hortt, for assuredly hys relygyon and lyeff is amys and dayly he

* excuse. † cureless corrsy. ‡ muse.

haeth som intellygence boeth from *Flawnders* and *Spayn*, he wanẗs no wealth nor spaers for no chargys to gayn aquayntance for hys porpos, the moest off all *Bonnar's* bloed and kynsfolk aer dwellyng in thys town, and undowttedly under the collo^{r} off comyng to the *Baeth* many madd meetyngs thear aer, I dyschargyng my consyence and duetty to the advancementt of God and hys glory throghtt hytt good to talk wyth my lord byshopp off Exceto^{r} whoes hand in thys behalff I have procured to my letter, dowttyng nott, butt my honest hartt and meanyng heerin shal be so well acceptted thatt heerafter I shall have thanks for my labo^{r} and hoepyng wythall thatt the neast off wasps whearsoever they may be fownd shall have thear styngs taken from them and be lernd a nue lesson, and God doth knoe and hys church doth wyttnes, moest honorable, thatt in all theas contreys is sutch lyberte off speetch as may be lamented, yff dutyfull earrs durst rebuek thatt they heer, thus beyng over bold in juegging moer than becoms me, I troble your hono^{r} no further, wyshyng youe long lyeff, encreace of grace and a blessed end. From Baeth the xxiiij of May, your honor's duryng lyeff att co^{m}mandment.

Youres honor's most hũble to co^{m}maunde

W. Exon. Thomas Churchyard.

I have byn heer syk off an ague sens I maed thys letter, whych haeth byn a lett for the delyuery

theareoff, butt I hoep as God gyvs me health to repayr to the cowrtt and so to requyr att your honor's hands the packett off letters to my lord embassador for my mynd gyvs me thatt I shall never dy tyll I heer and se the gospell advanced to the uttermoest."

(The above is written in Churchyard's hand on the back of the last leaf of the sheet.)

(Addressed on the outside)

"To the ryghtt honorable S^r^ Wyllyam Cycyll Knyghtt, cheeff Secretary to the Queen's Majeste, and oen off her Hyghnes Pryvey Councell delyver theas wyth all possyble dyllygence."

No. 2.

An Abstract of the Letter, from Lord Hunsdon, Governor of Berwick, to Secretary Walsingham.

He writes in a very pettish, and bad, humour with the Scotish court, and people; and as his advice had been neglected, he states his resolution not to interfere any more, in their affairs; he complains of their insolent carriage, and speeches, to Englishmen; and recommends a total exclusion of the Scots, from any intercourse whatever, with England, or Englishmen; as the best means of curing their insolence, without going to war with them. After stating, that lord Scrope's servant, who was sent to Edinburgh, to intimate the arrival of Angus at Carlisle, was examined, and imprisoned, he relates the case of Church-

yard, as follows:—"Poore Churchyarde, who went thither, for succor and was well used theare, for a tyme, hathe not only bene despightfully used, with speeches of a nomber, but was shott att and hitt twise, in one daie, with a stronge bowe and a leaden pellet, which would have killed him, if hee had bene hitt either in the face, or any parte of the heade; wherof he complayned to the kinge, but the doers could neither be founde, nor hearde off, though they were knowne well inoughe, and oute of whose wyndowe they were shotte.

"And the next daie, hee was shotte att with a harquabuse and myst very narrowly, wheruppon he askt leave of the kinge to come awaie, which was easly and quickly graunted unto him; wheruppon being at Aymouthe hee wrote to me, to desier my favour, for the remayning, in this towne, or in any other place, in th'est marches, untill hee might by freinds, procure her majesties gracious pardon, for his late facte, co~mitted by chaunce, and against his will, which I graunted unto him; and so he is here at this present. Att his coming out of Eddenbrughe, the erle of Arran mett him, in the street, as hee was ryding to Dawlkeith, and askt him, which waye hee ment to goe into Englande, who awnsered, that hee meant to goe, by Barwick, yf I would licens him so to doe; wheruppon the said erle of Arran requiered, and willed him, and conjured him, as he profest to be a soldier, that hee would do a messuadge to me from him; and that if hee would not graunt to do it hee would

saye yt oppenly before all that presens, being two or three hundred about them: Churchyarde aunserid him, if it were a messuadge, that no waye toucht her majestie in honour, nor offended me, in the doing of yt, hee would shewerly doe yt; wheruppon the said erle used theis speeches to Churchyarde, which hee hathe sett downe under his owne hande, which I sende you herwith."

Lord Hunsdon then proceeds, to charge the Scotish king, with some shuffling, about sending an ambassador, and asserts that he was a most notorious dissembler; as Scotchmen themselves acknowledged, &c. &c.

The letter is dated "At Barwick this 28th day of June, 1581."

Churchyard's statement of the message, which the earl of Arran charged him to deliver to lord Hunsdon:—"Churchyard, said my lord of Arrain, iff thow go to Eangland shaw my lord of Honsdon this I speak off for the tranquilyte and peace of boeth the realms, thatt thear repeirs to the lord governor's presens a man*, who was at the murther off the king's

* The person alluded to is the notorious Mr. Archibald Douglas, who was received, and protected, by lord Hunsdon, at Berwick, and lord Scrope, at Carlisle, and had been acting in concert with Randolph, to stir up mischief. The above earl of Arran was not the noble person, who was offered to Elizabeth, for her husband; but, the favourite of James VI., who was, originally, known, by the name of captain James Stuart.

majestie's father, which man I wold not shuld be abowt a man of honour, as my lord is, for fear of the infection might be taeken thearbye. And further, said the lord Arrain, evell taells, and men of sedicios minds, have allwayes byn a hyndrance to the common quiettnes off booth the realms off Skottland and Eangland, which, said he, I daer proue in any lawfull manner, yff I be challenged; allwayes thynking, as he said, thatt the lord gouernour of Barwick and espessally the queen's majeste was ignorant off thes practyses, nottwithstanding, said he, Eangland is a receptacull off all thoes thatt offends in Skottland, either in treasons, or murthers, which he thoghtt yff my lord gouernour understoed wold nott be suffred; and so he charged me openly and as he wentt to his hors (towards Dawlkeeth) to sho my lord governour, whearon I promesed yff my lord (under pardon) accepted me I wold do whatt I thoghtt nessesary thearin, and so I toek my leave. *This being all (shortely gathered) thatt I hard off my lord off Arrain, att thatt tyme, or any other tym, towtching that porpos.*

T. CHURCHYARD.

No. 3.

The Correspondence of Churchyard, and Mrs. J. Penne, about the Earl of Oxford.

"GOOD Mrs. Pen I have lovyngly and truelly dealtt w^t^ youe for the earll off Oxford, a noble man

off sutch worth, as I wyll employe all I have to hono' hys worthynes, so towtchyng what bargayn I maed and order taken from hys L. own mowth for takyng som rowlms in your howse by quartter, affter the raett off a howndreth pownds a yeer, (wyth sutch nessesaryes as I can naem) I stand to thatt bargayn, knowyng my good lord so noble, (and off sutch greatt consitheracyon) thatt he wyll perform whatt I promesed, in the hyghest degre off hys bownty and becawse I allways am syckly and reddy to partt from thy vayn lyeff, wold neyther quyck nor dead se youe a lozar by any off my dryffts bargayns or doyngs, I absoluettly heer for the love and hono' I owe to my lord, bynd mye selff and all I have in the world unto youe, for the satyesfyeng off youe for the fyrst quarters rentt off the rowlms my lord dyd taek, and further for the coells, bylletts, fagotts, beer, wyen, and any other thyng spentt by hys honorable means, I bynd myself to answer, yee confessyng thatt napery and lynnen was nott in any bargayn I maed wyth youe for my lord, whych indeed I knoe my lord's nobullnes wyll consyther, so Mrs. Pen to sho myself honest in all my accyons, I yeld my bodye goods and lyberte freely unto youe whyells youe do lyue, to use by lawe and ryghtt as reason is tyll my good lord do sytyesfye youe in all resonable poyntts and demands heerin, in wytnes off thys my true meanyng I putt to my hand and seall to thys myen

own wryttyng, the syxtt off Januarye ensuyng* the enttry and commyng off my lord off Oxford into your hɔwse.

By me THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

(The seal cut off.)

(On the back.)

"Maed and wrytten the syxtt off January, and delyvred as my deed, in the presens off Mr. Somnar off the Temple, Mr. Harry Russell off London, and Mr. Babtyst Hycks off Cheapsyed."

(Along with the preceding there is on another half sheet of paper the following.)

No. 113. is a formal bond, by Thomas Churchyard of London, esquire, to Julian Penn of London, widow, for the payment of 50*l.* lawful money of England, dated the 24th December, in the 33d of Elizabeth†.

The condition of this obligation is such, that if the above bounden Thomas Churchyard pay to the said Julian Penn the sum of 25 pounds, lawful money of England, on the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady the Virgin next ensuing, at the dwelling-house of the said Julian, on St. Peter's-hill in London, without fraud or delay, that then this obligation be void and of no effect, otherwise to stand in full force.

This is subscribed by "Henry Russell," but not

* (1590-1.) † (1590.)

by any other person, and seems never to have been executed by Churchyard.

No. 114. is an original letter, without date, from "Julyan Penne" to my lord of Oxford; expostulating with him, for not paying the rent of his lodgings, in her house, and the necessaries furnished him, and his servants, who had every thing, which they wanted: she states her great grief, and sorrow, at his unkind dealing, in this, and that she trusted to his honourable payment, and had never sought any assurance at his lordship's hands, "butt Mr. Churchyard's band "weche I wold be lothe to trobyll hym for your ho-"nor sake." She calls upon him to deal with her in courtesy, as he would have to answer, and give an account of all his doings, at "that dredfull day" (of judgement.) &c.

No. 115. Good Mrs. Pen I never dezarved your dyspleasuer, and have maid her Ma^ie^ understand off my band, towtchyng the earll, and for fear off restyng I lye in the sentuary, for albeit youe may favo^r^ me yett I kno I am in your danger, and am honest and true in all myen accyons, I fynd in cowrtt cawses to forsaek it, and the realm to, yett wold ear I goe se youe and all my frynds well pleased, as knoeth God, who bles and prezarue youe to hys pleasuer.

Yours in all as becometh me
att com̃andment lovyngly
(No date.) T. CHURCHYARD.

In the same Vol. lxviii. No 92*, there is a letter from the same Mrs. Pen to the earl of Kildare, reproaching him bitterly, for his dishonourable conduct, in not paying her what he owed her, as he had promised, and sworn in the most earnest manner to do. She says, she would be no longer a suitor to him for it, as there was no truth or honour in him, &c. And that had it not been for the love she bore to the lord admiral (ammerell), and the earl of Kildare's lady, she would have ended her suit and complained to the queen, who had promised her, that she should receive no wrong at man's hand.

There is no date to this, but there is along with it, (No. 92.) a letter from the earl of Kildare to Mrs. Penn, dated from Greenwich, 23d June, 1592, apologising, for the breach of his promise, in not paying her debt, that he was obliged to go to Greenwich, (a place of great charges) and there spent the money with which he should have paid her: he begs her to bear with him till the return of his man, from Ireland, with money, which would be in a fortnight, when he would pay her with great thanks.

* (June 1592.)

SCOTISH WARS.

THE *Scotish wars* with England, during the infancy of Mary Stuart, arose chiefly from the corrupt designs of Henry VIII., and Edward IV., to obtain her person, and her kingdom, by whatever means. The hostilities of queen Mary against Scotland can only be traced to her war with France, in favour of Spain*. The sad effects of the inroads of Henry, and Edward, are still remembered from the notices of history: but, the warfare of queen Mary, against Scotland, are scarcely known, as they are little, if at all mentioned, by the Scotish historians. It is of some use, then, to republish the following narratives from Churchyard, and Cox.

From Churchyard's Choise.

THIS was but a peece of the seruice, that capitaine Read was at in his daies: for his moste paines hath been taken aboute the warres of Scotlande, and roades made into that countrey: where he hath borne hym-

* On the 7th of June, 1557, Mary declared war against France, in which she lost Calais, and Guisnes.

self so well, and that a long season, that all those who knowes the same (or can call the seruice to memorie) giueth good reporte thereof, and speaketh muche to the aduauncement of his good name.

And seeyng that in his praise and others, my penne hath gone so farre, I wil a little touche the seruices of sir Willyam Winter, who bothe by lande and sea, hath often been emploied. And in the rehearsall of some parte of his doynges, I will as I maie make mention of sir Willyam Drewrie, Sir Humfrey Gilbart, sir Willyam Morgane, capitain Barkley, capitaine Morgane, capitaine Chester, capitaine Bingham, and sondrie that of late daies hath been in diuers places of daunger, and good seruices. But this is to bee looked for, that the honourable sir James Croftes (now controller of the queenes maiesties houshold) sir Jhon Walloppe, sir James Wilfforde, and sir Jhon Bellyngame, bee not forgotten, and that euery one of these, as remembrance shall serue me, be breefly spoken of. For if at large I touched some of their noble exploites, (that laste I haue made mention of) I should make a greate volume of the same, and so seeme to write a chronicle, that meanes but to treate of a fewe passages, for the passyng of the tyme, and the pleasuryng of my freendes.

The seruices of sir James Croftes, maie well bee vnderstoode, if you loke into the siege of Bullein: the warres of Scotlande, and the troublesome affaires

of Irelande, where he was lorde deputie. And who that looketh depely in the mannagyng of those matters, shall iustely of hymself, yeelde due honoure to the persone that hath taken these paines, without the reporte of my penne, or further publishyng of the same.

If neuer any seruice but the siege of Haddyngton were spoken of, it were sufficient enough, and a witnesse greate to shewe the greate mynde, and manly courage of sir James Wilfforde. For he beeyng there as generall, helde out the force of Fraunce, and power of Scotlande: the queene mother lookyng and liyng at the siege, and the toune was so battered and beaten, that men on horsebacke might have ridden ouer the breache. Yet notwithstandyng, besides a nomber of other greate causes, to make men rander a forte, sir James Wilfforde kepte the enemies out: and did so noblie euery waie, neither scarcitie of victuall, nor want of pouder could moue his inuincible mynde. For the more was the miserie, the greater grewe his harte, and hope to haue good fortune: for the whiche assured fortitude and determinate purpose, he purchased euerlastyng renowme. And liues at this daie in as freshe memorie; as he were seen presently before the eyes of the people.

In that season was a place called Donglasse at our deuotion, where one maister Aston was placed, and

an other fort beyonde Fiffeside called Broghttie Cragge, where sir Jhon Luttrell did serue verie valliauntely a longe tyme. And at a toune nere the same forte called Dondie, sir Willyam Winter and others, did a greate peece of seruice, worthie the rehearsall. But for that Broghttie Cragge was at the length loste, for lacke of succour out of Englande, I leaue out muche matter, that otherwise I had written.

After the siege of Haddyngton was raised, and the Frenche had withdrawen their batterie, and the old erle of Shrewesburie was come with an armie, and laie at a place called Abberladie. The earle of Linkcolne that now is, beeyng lorde admirall, landed a greate companie of soldiours at a pile called sainct Minins, where our fortune was but frowarde: and for that I was taken prisoner there, and our people had no greate good happe: it shall remaine untouched any further.

A little before this, betwene Tom Tallent and the Basse some Frenche gallies were placed, and three of our shippes liyng in vewe of theim, (the Antheloppe, the Harte, and the *Grand* Mestresse, so were the three shippes called) hoissed vp sailes to feight with the galleis, whiche were twoo and twentie in nomber: but there befell suche a misfortune by castyng aboute to fetche aborde, that our shippes fell one in others takell, and were so harde clasped together, through meane of misohaunce, that thei might not shoote at aduauntage, to annoye the enemie. Who

espiyng this oportunitie, came orderly forward, and shot many shott of cannons emong vs, breakyng doune a maste or twoo, and killing a fewe persones. But in the ende the shippes were set free, and my lorde admirall had sent to our succours, and the calme was gone, in so muche that the gale of wynde blewe our shippes full vpon the gallies, whiche the French beeyng in feare of, drewe apace towardes the shore, and ranne their gallies on grounde. But ere thei could departe out of our daunger, wee were so nere them, that our bowemen shot into their gallies, and our cannons made a great murther, and hauocke emong the poore slaues, whose leggs, armes, and ores I sawe flie about, as the force of our shotte might attaine them.

These gallies hopyng to keepe victuall from Brogh-tie Cragge, crepte along by the shore, and encountred a shippe wherein was capitaine Peers (now seruyng in Irelande, and then a venterar) and laied so sore to his charge that thei shotte his ensigne through and through, and were like to haue bouged the shippe, but he mindyng more his reputation, then regardyng the hazarde he was in, plied the gallies so well, that thei durste not approche ouer nere, and so in the meane while came a lustie gale of winde, and sente capitaine Peers from the Frenche gallies, to his greate safetie, and the comfort of his freendes and countreymen.

Our shippes manned furthe boates, and set vppon diuerse sailes that laie in Bornte Ilande, and so spoiled them, and lefte them on a flamyng fire: and thereon rowed towardes a mightie greate carrecke, that laie vnder the succoure of Ynchskeeth, and boorded the same carreck, and so burnt it: the fire whereof discharged many greate shotte in the said shippe, before our menne could come aborde againe, but that shotte did little hurte at all: and our nauie in the meane season, laie in the mouthe of the Frithe, not farre from an ilande called the Maay.

Within a short while after, was there a lustie gentilman (and a seruiceable) sent to take Ynchskeeth, his name was maister Jhon Cotton, a capitaine of good account, he landed and valliauntly tooke the ilande, but when our shipps departed from the Frithe, the Frenche and Scottes menne entered the ilande againe, and recouered it to our greate discontent: in whiche furie and fight capitain Cotton was slaine, albeeit he did what became a man of stoute harte and courage, and fought it out to the laste man in his companie: whiche made the enemies maruaile, consideryng thei were voide of hope to be succoured and releued.

The Scottes and Frenchemen takyng a greate despite, to goe without Haddyngton liyng so long before it, determined in a mornyng to assaile it manfully, and to trie what fortune and force of menne might compasse. So the *Ryngraue* and nombers of

the Frenche side, came priuelie from Edenborough, and set vpon the base courte of Haddyngton, and in verie deede were likely to haue distressed the toune, if good watche and circumspection had not preuented their approche. For the enemies were in the base court, and beganne to glorie muche of their conquest, but one gaue fire to a greate peece that stoode full of haileshotte, at the enterie of the gate, and slue diuerse of the enemies, whereat our men issued and dealt so valliauntly with the enemie that thei retired, and loste all their labour. At this tyme either sir James A Croftes was generall there, or anone after. For sir James Willforde was either before taken prisoner at Donbarre, or within a shorte season after. But how so euer that cace standeth, the soldiours of Haddyngton kept the toune, and wanne suche fame thereby, that to this present age thei are spoken of and honoured.

Whiles these thynges were in dooyng, tyme roulled on, and produced further matter. For the wheele tourned, and fortune so frouned at our prosperitie, that the worlde began to fall to declination, and so Haddyngton was rased, and left to those that would possesse it, and the Frenche hauing some hope, to recouer what thei loste before, tooke occasion offred by some sodaine alteration, and common course of worldlie affaires, and therevpon thei besieged Bullein Barke, the old Man, and many other members be-

longyng to Bullein, and a greate capitaine called *Mounsire de Termes* was in Scotlande, preparyng to besiege Lawder Forte, where sir Hugh Willoughbie had gouernment, with whom was capitaine Colbie, capitaine Maneryng, capitaine Haeles, capitaine Whitton, capitaine Colliar, capitaine Knapp and others, whose names I haue forgot, albeeit I was then there newlie escaped out of Scotlande. The saied *Mounsire de Termes* laie a long mile (with his whole campe) from Lawderfort, and wee to make hym sport, deuised that some lustie gentlemen, should clapp on white scarffes, and so ride like Scottes men into the enemies campe, whiche we performed, and slue diuerse in the markette place, and came awaie vntouched. And not contente with this little attempte (for emong our companies were soldiours of Haddyngton) wee daiely offered to skirmishe, when in the feelde was alwaies to encounter vs fiue to one of as good soldiours, as then were to bee founde in Fraunce. But our hope and forewardnesse was suche, that euery seconde daie, we did somewhat worthy the meetyng: and at this seruice came one Jhon Carr of Warke (a valliaunte olde capitaine, and a speciall soldiour in those partes) and brought harde cheese and pouder to vs. For the eatyng of horses did argue, harde cheese was as welcome as pouder: yet none of them bothe might be spared in that extremitie.

Mounsire de Termes beyng desirous of victorie, determined to come with ladders, and so to scale the fort, wherof we had woorde, and prepared to receiue hym with an vnfreendly welcome: and for that we founde he brake his daie, and would waxe wearie of rest, by long liyng idle in a place, the generall caused all the greate ordinannce of the fort, to bee bente fullie vppon *De Termes* his campe (capitaine Manneryng in deede putte that deuice in hedde and practise first) and early in the mornyng on an Easter daie, the whole greate artillerie was discharged on *De Termes* his campe, whiche slue diuerse, and so vexed the campe: that as you see a nomber of crowes flie out of a wood, when a harkaboize is shotte of, so the Frenchemen came out of their hiue, that yeeldeth no honie, and gaue vs a sower and sharpe encounter. For in a small season thei draue vs out of the feelde, and gaue an attempte to winne the base courte, where wee attended their commyng, and stroue with them so stoutly, that in that struggle wee were ioyned, and wrastled together, as daungerously as any man liuyng maie imagine, but in suche order, that the Frenche were forced to retire a little, and we were faine to recouer the forte: and yet the Frenche so valliauntly handled their busines, that thei laye under the rampire of the base courte, and slue sondrie of our soldiours, that could not in due season come in. Emong the cheef capitaine Manneryng had his deathes wounde, and fell doune in the dike before the gate:

whose bodie we recouered with very little losse, but he died within three daies after. And the Frenche missyng that thei sought, retired that presente night to their campe; where thei abode not tenne daies, but a peace was concluded, and we marched all towardes Barwicke.

From Concquet there was appoincted seuen sailes of shippes, to goe to my lorde of Sussex, then lorde deputie of Irelande: the names of whiche shippes followeth, the Hue Willoughbie, in whiche was sir Thomas Cotton, admirall for that seruice. The Gearfaucon, in whiche was maister Tornar of the garde. The Newbarke, where was Southerwicke of Douer. The Saker, at the commaundement of M. Peter Killegrey. The Barcke Caree, vnder the charge of M. Gregorie Carie. The Jhon of Plimmouthe, in the whiche was maister Richard Bingham: and all these attended my lorde of Sussex at Daulky, who noblie sett forwarde and bornte Kynteer (James Mackono beeyng in the countrey) and raized twoo of Mackonoes cheef castles, tooke diuers of thei galleis, and executed many of their men.

My lorde also burnt the ile of Butte, the ile of Combra, and the ile of Lam-lashe, with diuers other places in that iourney *.

* On the 15th of September, 1558, says sir Richard Cox, the lord deputy, [earl of Sussex] shiped his army at Dalky [in Ireland] and sailed to Rachline; and though he lost one ship, in

And at this seruice was sir Willyam Fitz Willyams, maister George Delues, capitaine Colliar, maister Thomas Masterson, capitaine Warren, capitaine Peers, sir George Stanley, maister Edward Stanley, who was there made knight. And a nomber of other lustie gentlemen, that presently I make no mention of.

the storm; yet he pursued his design, and took the island, and placed a colony, and a small garrison in it: and thence, he invaded, and wasted Cantire, in Scotland. Nor, did the islands of Aran, and Camber (Cambeyes) escape the like desolation; and he intended as much against the isle of Ila: but, he was by ill weather forced to put in at Carrickfergus; and so, having burnt many villages, which were possessed, by the Scots, in Ulster, he returned to Dublin, on the 8th day of November [1558. Hist. Ireland 307.] Here, then, is a hostile passage, in the Annals of Scotland, retrieved, which is unknown to the Scotish historians.

THE SIEGE OF LEITH, 1560.

LEITH has, for ages, been deemed the *sea-port* of Edinburgh. It was first fortified, by the French, who came in aid of the Scotish government, during the campaign, 1549, by the skilful foresight of Mons. Dessè. The Scotish insurgents, during the administration of the regent queen, were too little acquainted with the military art, to be able to take Leith, whatever may have been their bravery. They solicited the aid of Elizabeth, in 1559, who did not require much persuasion, to send a body of troops, under lord Gray, the late governor of Guisnes, to besiege this fortress, in April 1560. The besiegers were so confident, in their own prowess, that they did not expect such scientific resistance. The siege was raised, in July 1560, in pursuance of a treaty, which stipulated, that both the French, and English, should consentaneously retire from Scotland.

Churchyard accompanied his old commander to this siege, which evinced, by its difficulties, that success cannot, always, be expected by the strong: *The Dowager* Queen, who is mentioned, in *The Siege*, died on the 10th of June 1560.

THE SIEGE OF LEETH, more aptlie called the Schole of Warre, (the Lord Gray of Wilton Generall thereof) in the second Yeare of the Raigne of our Soueraygne Lady Queene Elyzabeth. Anno. 1560.

As Marcho did ende, so Mars began his raygne,
Whose men I saw to bluddy warres were bente:
From Barwick wals, they marched through the playne,
Wyth banner splaide, with carriage haell, and tente,
All fitte for warres, to Leeth this army wente,
And as I know, the number was so small,
Sixe thousande, and fiue hundreth men were all.

And most of those, not trayned for the field,
More rawe then rype, vnready out of vse:
And some men say, ech leader was not skild,
But what of that? I write not of abuse;
If faultes there were, I ought to make excuse:
First do wee creepe, and after learne to go,
All hitts not white, that shooteth in the bow.

Amonge theese men, were souldiours of ech sorte
Both old and yonge, what should there more bee sayde:
And some that sought, to get a good report
To haunt the warres, did holde them well apayde:
Of cannon shotte, they seldome stoode afrayde,

They knew the crake, and horlinge in the eare,
Was halfe the harme, and most of all the feare.

Sutch men declarde, they had a debt to pay,
And still they wisht, in countreyes cause to dye,
They praysde that man, that serude his prince a day;
They were a feare vnto the enmyes eye,
They beautifyed theyr bands with brauery:
They bare the blowes, and brought the yonglinges on,
And gaue the charge, when others lookt vppon.

As erst I saide, this campe so furnisht out;
Lord Gray the chiefe, lord Skrope the marshall than,
Of knightes, and squires, if heere I went about
To show their names, as if I list I can,
Time should I loose, and weary many a man,
To read their stiles, wherefore your leaue I craue,
To write sutch thinges, as in my head I haue.

The maner thus, before Dumbar they past,
Where issued out, the French, a silly band,
On horse and foote, and not requiringe fast
To take, mee thought, the skirmishinge in hand:
And thus a while, both parties still did stand,
Till cankred hate, had kindled malice newe,
And badde our men, in field their foes pursewe.

But in the ende, a fewe were hurt, or slaine,
They driuen in, and none that skirmishe would,

The campe marcht through, and did no while remayne
Before Dumbar, the troth thereof is tould:
The rest my penne, shall soone to you vnfould
So that you do, my tale in order marke,
And as you ought, geue credit to my warke.

At length in sight of Leeth our army preast,
I had forgot, how they the Scots lords met,
Who brought with them, two thousand men at least
Few more I gesse, that were in order set
But still in hope, a greater power to get
They put vs in, so thus wee ioynde in on,
I may not longe, this matter rest vppon.

But as I sayd, when sight of Leeth wee had
Like as the bore, his brissels ginnes to shake
When hee is chafte, and fares as hee were mad;
Or as the wolfe, that newly is awake,
In fury runnes, the silly sheepe to take
So did our men, the French full fast pursue
Where soone was seene, the warres began anew.

They had no minde, on peace proclaimde in Cheape,
The leage was broake, they thought in London made;
Out goes the pikes, the souldiours ranne in heape,
The scabberds falls, and forth was drawen the blade,
Some shotes a pace, the others chardge, and lade,
But ere the heate, of this great skirmishe grew,
The Dowager, with trumpet tooke a trew.

This stay of warre, made many men to muse;
How bee it was, deuised of theyr queene,
Some say by crafte, our captaines to abuse,
And so it proude, none other as I weene:
For heere and there, the Frenchmen lay vnseene,
As though were ment, no harme on either side,
As fire lyes hid, vntill the smoake bee spide.

Our campe came on, and sought their tentes to pitch,
The Frenche drewe neare, to view our maner throw;
Whereat lord Gray, was discontented mitch,
And sent them word, they should retyre them now:
Wherefore (quoth they,) wee vnderstand not how
Wee should geue place, or any way bee bounde,
To part from hence, and leaue our maisters grounde.

Yees (quoth my lord), were not for promise sake,
Of truce a while, wee should not reason longe:
Full stoutly than, the French in braury spake,
Do what you dare, wee will not take a wronge,
Wherewith in haste, they sange vs sutch a songe
Wyth curriar shotte, that had not hap bin good,
They had soone shed, some of our worthist blood.

For as our cheefe, and leaders of the field,
In daunger stoode, vnder the league wee had,
They vsed sutch warres, as had bin seene but seld,
Full in our face, they shotte as they were mad:
A tricke of Fraunce, a bluddy parte too bad;

But, as God woulde, the skath they did was smale,
It was but one, on whom the harme did fale.

Our rage was great, our bloudes began to rise,
Our stomackes storde, as wee did this beholde,
Through out the campe, the noyes ran to the skies,
At brute whereof, the coward waxed bold,
The valiaunte man, had courage doubble fold;
So that a lowde, a chardge, a chardge, they cride,
They taried not, and looked for a guide.

But as by chance ech one his marrow mette
They skirmished, as thicke as bees they swarme:
Some lost their liues, and paied the earth his dette,
Some were sore hurt, and had no further harme.
I you assure, this skirmish was so warme,
That as the hailles commes down like rayny teares
The curriar shotte, did ring about our eares.

If Barwick bandes had absent ben that day,
A present plague, was like on vs to lyght,
Uppon our foes they ranne and ledde the way,
And stil they put, the French perforce to flight.
But yet I prayse some other men of right,
That serud full wel whose names if I should show
Some here might say, the men we do not know.

A further cause that stayd my pen herein,
All haue not fame that worthy are therfore;

Some gets great thankes, that seld in wars hath bene:
Some serue so longe their names are cleane out wore:
Some haue ill frendes, ill hap, and that is more:
So that their actes lye dead and little worth,
For that no man theyr deedes dare wel set forth.

I leaue this case and to my matter cumme,
That day was hot, and hard for to indure,
The shot was such, ther could no sound of drumme
Be easly heard the tyme I you assure
On both the sydes they put their foe in vre:
And if I shal not lye for fauours sake,
The Frenche that whyle serud wel I vndertake.

Ful wise and ware, they were in al their wayes
And valiantly they did themselues defende.
But as I do, their skil and manhode prayse,
So here I must, their boldnes discommend:
For had we sene what hapned in the ende
Or knowne the ground, as reason did require,
We had ful soone, compeld them to retyre.

Retyre good lord, so wel it had not bin
They had bin slayne, or taken euery man:
But, who can tel, who shal the victry win,
When men do meete, no more we knew not then,
Until in deede the heate of this began,
Where lay their rewen, wher our good fortune was:
For battailes are as britle as the glas.

Now conquest seemes, that ouerthrowes appeares,
Now seemes it good, that after proues starke nought:
Now is hee free, that hapneth in the breares,
Now men deuyse, now all is out of thought:
Now much is spoke, and little thinges are wroughte,
This is the course and custome of the warre,
Wher wisdome biddes, no man to go too farre.

The soth to shew, if men before had knowen
What vauntage great, to vs that day was due,
We had in deede, the Frenchmen ouerthrowen,
With little losse: and yet I say to you,
It hapned well, as forth then matter grue:
Our horsemen came, and gaue a charge ful wel,
In whom then lay, the seruice euery del.

Their names that chardg'd, I thinke vnfyt to wright*,
Who serueth wel, at length must nedes haue fame;
Let no man think, their deedes be buried quight,
Although not here, the persons do I name,
I nil for that, my worke put out of frame.
To them I leaue, at large for to disclose
That after shal this iourney wryte in prose.

Right hot awhyle, the enmyes shot enduerd,
But sone was coeld the terrour of the same;
The horsemens force, in fyne the French procuerd

* Sir Harry Knivet hurt manfully at the charge.

For to retyre, nay runne away with shame:
But yet I may, not much theyr doynges blame,
In order stil, their battel stood me semde,
Fyue hundreth pykes, they were as wee estemde.

But, what should more be sayde, they shronke asyde,
And to their towne, they trotted as they might:
But euery band had not with him his gyde,
They bode the brunt, on them the bloes did light.
And as I harde and saw there compted right
Twelue men of name were slayne, and prisonners fiue,
We tooke that day, and brought away alyue.

Of common sort of souldiers good, and bad,
Ful seuen score of them we put to sacke,
And some sore hurt, into their towne they lad:
Of ours in dede, a very few did lacke
Some hurt some slayn, our enemyes put a backe,
And as in dede, the manner is of sortes,
The towne seyng this, agaynst them shut their portes.

Wee hard therof, when al this broyle was donne;
But, who could say, he saw the same the whyle,
Each man can talke when that a thing is wonne,
And with conceits, his fancy oft begyle,
Runne throw the hedge and after leape the style,
This should be done our after wittes can say,
But few at first, findes out the ready way.

Wel let that passe, we drew vs to our rest,
And euery man, made myrth as cause he found,
This bickring duerd, foure hours and more at lest.
Men wil be glad when trumpe retrait doth sounde,
That weary are in trauesing the ground:
So doubt I not, it did both partyes please
When they had founde a tyme to take their ease.

In shot of Leeth, within Lastaricke than
We pitcht our campe, where canons cabins brake
And oft by chaunce, it kild a horse or man,
But no man would the campe therfore forsake:
Sutch tennis balles did kepe our men awake,
And quicken those that were dul sprited soules,
And made some ladds to digge them depe in holes.

To saue the ward from harme of enmyes shot
Ful many a trenche did Pellam cause be wrought
Loke what was meete there was few thinges forgot
Our power so small, by euery way we sought
To kepe the same: but that auailed nought,
Some were so rude they ran their death to seeke
So thus decreast, our number euery weeke.

A bishop came from Fraunce to treat a peace*
Muche talke there was, which tyme consumed still,
But all this whyle the wars did nothing seace,

* The bishop of Valence.

To hurt our foes, we nêuer wanted will:
At length vppon a rocke, a craggy hill
We plaest a pe:e, and in a trench beloo
Was other store of smaller shot also.

Forget not here the weather on the seas
Would not permit the canons for to lande,
The longer here we laye to our disease,
For lacke therof, which few do vnderstand:
I would demaunde how we should take in hande
To lay a siege, or els our campe remoue
When most thinges lackt, that was for our behoue.

Among our men, might Scottish vitlers haunt
Who with the French a treason tooke in hande
A wyfe, a queane, did make the French a graunt
Upon this rocke in sight of Leeth to stand:
And there to make a signe to Dozis band,
When that the ward wer careles and at rest
Which she did kepe, her selfe the same confest.

The French came on as they thus warned were
Lyke men of warre they chose their tyme ful well,
Our men start vp amasde with sodayn feare
But what was best to do they could not tell
Some louing fame, his lyfe did dearly sell
Some hating death, did sone from daunger shonne
Some past all shame, ful fast away did runne.

Some made defence, but still they stroue in vayne
Once order broke, farewel the fight that howre
So in this heate was many a souldie slayne,
There was no helpe they were orelayd with powre;
Thus haue you hard how fortune gan to lowre
Uppon our men, the chaunce of warre is suche
A man may not, at no tyme trust it muche.

But at this tyde, ful many a one was there
Deserued prayse, that are vntouch for mee
And most of those that did them stoutly bere
Were mangled than, mine eies the same did see
But for they are of meane and base degree
I leaue them out, it is sufficient here
If in the boke of Fame their names appere.

Ye know when that the waspe within his nest
Is sturd with sticke or any other thing
Assone as he is troubled from his rest
He crepeth forth, and sharply vnder wyng,
He seeketh place for to bestowe his stinge:
So lo our campe that erst in quiet lay
At noyes of this began a feareful fraye.

Now ran they forth and forward cryde they all*
The drummes did sound, the souldiers made great spede
Unto the trench, the larum was not smal

* Sir James a Crofts led the souldiours on their enemies.

But al to late, the help did come in deede
The captaynes still, their men with hope did feede
And bade them march, the day is ours quoth they,
At sight of whom, the French retyrd away.

Great terror made, the curriers in our face
Some slaughter too by that to vs arose *
But yet in spyte, the foe forsoke the place
And straight to Leeth, in hast the enmy gose
Abyde quoth we, ye part not without blowes
Upon them rose, the boldest men we had,
Al had not charge, that day the way that lad.

Undoutedly the souldiers semd the wold
In sonder ryue, the rampyre with their hands
And pluckt them by the eares out of theyr hold
But as it was they slew vpon the sandes
And left sore hurt and groninge one the landes
I iudge at least, as many men ful out
Or more then we had lost haue ye no doubt

A bande of men, by this tyme to our ayde
At Musselbrough, were come vnarmd I gesse
Of whiche reliefe we held vs wel apayed
The enmyes store therby became the lesse
This done al things were put in readynes

* The lord Gray that now is was sore hurt at a valiant charge he gaue.

For to dismount such peeces as we saw
Upon a church, that kept our camp in awe.

A battry smal, agaynst the same was set
In halfe a daye down fel therof the chefe;
Than for the siege, we found not so much let
Our skirmishers, retyred with les griefe
Our men might come more easely to reliefe.
But marke this wel, such skirmishing I say
I neuer saw, nor hard of ere this day.

The mounting larke no sooner in the skye
Then we were forth: the Frenchmen wer so braue
Ne night nor day they would not let vs lye
In rest, for stil they did the skyrmish craue
And they in holes themselues could finely saue
To cause great shot to play vppon the walles
As though that we wer made vnto their calles.

And this they vsde ful oft and to our harm
Until a stay our leaders tooke therin
Before in field raw men so thicke would swarme
That long we semde more like to lose then winne
By rashnes rude of such as had not byn
In warres before, but yet with exercyse
A white cote did become both ware and wyse.

And serud as wel, as any souldiour might
With bow and bil such weapons as we vse

97967

And oft therwith they put the French to flight
What maruayle not, you know this is no newes:
The bowe hath oft made them the field refuse
The bow is fearde as farre as flyes our fame,
And bowes I weene wan English men the name.

Our enemyes styl to skyrmish vs procuerd
And gald our best and oldest souldiers sore
I tel you troth, the heate of this enduerd
Ful long, wherby our men away we wore.
But God be thankt the Frenchmens losse were more
For stil they spent vpon the stocke ye knoe
When we without, had meane to come by moe.

By deepe foresight, a mounte there was deuisde
Which bare the name of Pellam for the space
I had forgot, how Frenchmen cam disgisde
In womens weedes, like queanes with muffled face
They did no acte, but soone they tooke the chace
I let that passe, and of the mounte I treate
Where to bee playne, the seruice was full greate.

The captayne there, one Cutbert Vaughan was
And ioynd with him, there were a number mo *
This mounte thus made, the campe away did passe
More neere the towne, how mutch I neede not shoo
This mounte to Leeth, was still a dayly foo

* Syr Andrewe Corbet was heere, and other gentlemen.

The peeces there, a longe the rampere shot
Some harme they did, but what full fewe men wot.

Upon the sandes, they could no cockells seeke
But that this force might easely them anoy;
Some deerely bought their muskels eury weeke,
Some sacrifisde their horse to sweete saynct Loy;
Some in their heads did take so mad a toy,
They neuer spake a word, ne good nor ill
Some learnde to feele the weight of our blacke bill.

A bande of horse there were to warde that forte
Which eury day did serue full worthely,
With whom the French sometimes for chaung of sporte
Would meete, and so the matter would they try:
The French full oft, I cannot this deny,
Made sallies forth, as tryme as men might do,
And so went home, with blud and honor to.

But commonly, in deede, the worst they gate
Yet stil they brau'de, and bare their fortune out
Their warlike shiftes, they were of sutch a traed
My penne shall but ecclips them out of doute,
To paynte them right, but since I go aboute
To prayse them thus, I will proceede for shame
And let them haue their owne deserued fame.

First all they did, was drawen by orders skill
And seld they past the boundes of reasons lore

By poynte deuise, they skirmished at will:
That wee perceiu'de, they practised no more
That wee feard not, and had not seene before
They put in vse, thus still their heads they bende
To purchase prayse, and eke the towne defende.

Great neede they had, themselues to vse full well
For all their liues, vpon this matter lay
What should I more, vpon this matter dwell
To tier your eares, and waste the time away
There was no side, stoode idle halfe the day
But on both partes, for seruice driftes were founde
And euery howre, wee draue them from their grounde.

At Pellams mounte, by foote, and horsemen both*
This trade full longe, did there the souldiours keepe
Whose payne was mutch, and sore I tell you troth
For at no time, in quiet could they sleepe
And specialy, when day began to peepe
The shot went of, then souldiours to their toyle
And as hap drewe, they did abide the spoyle.

I nowe returne, vnto our campe a whyle
That lay where shot, did dayly them salute
And where the French, with many a warlike wyle
Did showe our men, of warres what was the fruite
And where some get, their death by littell suet

* Maister Pellam, lieutenaunt of the ordinaunce.

A skarre, a mayme, and sutch a rude rewarde
As most men findes, that do that life regarde.

I spake afore of bickrings, by the Frenche
But heere the heate of seruinge might bee seene
They bearded vs, and made them trenche for trenche
And shewed themselues trimme souldiours as I weene
But what of that, wee came to serue the queene
Though to our losse, our courage did wee vse
Wee forst our foes their trench at length refuse.

And to their milles wee went and burnt them downe
Slew them wee founde, where many hurt were than
In seruice great, right neere before the towne
Our hap was sutch, that wee the honour wan:
Not onely heere, but euer when began
A skirmishe, or a bickeringe any where
Which as wee gesse, wee wanted seldome there.

A thondringe noyes they made when they came foorth
Their ratlinge shot did pearce the clowdes mee thought,
To show the truth, their corriars were more woorth
Then double tolde, the peeces that wee brought
And to bee playne, our shot they counted nought
Yet as it was, when that our men came neere
The Frenchmen bought, their commingeforth full deere.

Yet would they not, bee kept no tyme within
An hundreth tymes, they issued out I gesse

And sought for death their honor for to win,
What ere they lost they braud no whit the lesse
If heere I should all skirmishes expresse
What they haue done, what wee haue wrought likewise,
Of paper sure, a quere woulde not suffice.

Unto my tale, my penne I pray thee passe
What humer brought? thy reason heere so wyde
You knowe good folkes in what discourse I was
The campe thus plaste wee did releefe abide
Mutch losse ech day, wee had I will not hide
And greater harme was likely to ensue,
If some had not made vp their bandes anewe.

Of watch, and warde, our men so wery were
They carelesse stoode, of any hap at all
The nightes were fowle, the dayes not very fear,
The countrey cold, their garmentes thinne, and small
And still vpon their captayns gan they call
A saute, a saute, wee lye ore longe in trenche
Let vs go spende our liues vpon the French.

It seemed good the towne for to assayle,
Men willinge were in princes cause to fight,
The battry shot, but that did not preuaile
Mutch pouder spente, the charges was not light
Smale skathe it did as seemed to our sight,
This dare I say, so sharpe a peale so ronge
I neuer hearde, but yet it durde not longe.

For this assault, lewd ladders, vile and nought
The souldiours had, which were to shorte God wot.
The proofe therof, with bloude the poore men boughte
Had they ben long, the towne we might haue got
But looke what God assigned to our lot.
We could not shunne, nedes must it come to passe
That he appoyntes, as there good tryal was.

Let those thinges go, I kepe another vayne
Or this assault, the manner shew I shall*
First were our men, in battail raunged playne
And garded wel, with horsemen were they all,
The rest in trench did stand as did befal
Til warning made of Randal maior there
At which they past to Leeth withouten fere.

The drommes did sound, the trompettes blew alowde.
The canons shot, the bowmen stode not still
The smoke was lyke a fogge, or misty cloude
That poulder made, our souldiers lackt no wil
To clyme the walles where they receiue much ill.
For when they layd theyr ladders in the dyke
They were to short the length of halfe a pyke.

The flankers then in murdring holes that lay
Went of and slew, God knowes stout men enow,
The harquebuz afore hande made foule playe

* Captayne Randal gaue warning whan thassault shu'd begin.

But it behoud our men for to go throwe
And so men sought, ther deathes they knew not how
From such a sight sweete God my frendes defend
For out of frame did dyuers find theyr ende.

To see poore soules, there wander in the dykes
The stones wer flung, the curriers bet them down
The wounded men, let fal both bowes and pykes
The mangled heapes, that creped from the towne
The slaughter foule, and here the woful sowne
That souldyers cryes, there made, I thinke in dede
Would sure compel, a stony hart to blede.

The brute of this, abasht our bouldest men
And cut our combes, as al were cast away
The coward sort did steal them homeward then
And some in campe came neuer since that day;
Some sought discharge, some saw so great a fray
They wysht at home, they had bene keping crooes
Suche is the warres, wher men both winne and loose.

I leaue that case, and now returne I shall
To those that day wer leaders in the feeld;
And for in ryme, I cannot shew it all,
And wel set forth in ryme, are faltes but seeld,
And wordes I lacke, and that I am vnskilde
To seeke out termes, that apte are for that case,
In prose, I mind, therefore the same to place.

That shal I wryte, when this I draw anew
Which in short tyme, I mynd at large to set
But for the first, it may suffice to you
This naked rime, out of my handes to get
Yet if I liue, I wil be in your det
To pay you once, a better sum I thinke
Then I haue yet set forth with pen and ynke.

And other mount, that Somerset was cald
Deuysed was where Somerset was plast *
This fort, ful oft, the French both slew and gald
And many a tyme their peces it defast
Here you must note, these mountes were not in wast
For if they had not held the towne in awe
We could not it besege for ought we sawe.

If that the French, with frendes that wer without
Had ventred all, and stode to fortunes hap
In daunger great, we had bene out of doute
And likely sure, we were to fal in trap
But lo our chiefe, misdouting such a clap
For want of men, to seege the enmies rounde
Deuysed fortes, vpon the metest ground.

In this meane whyle, there came S. Fraunces Leake
To our reliefe, wherof much nede we had
A greatter lacke, we had there then I speake

* The earle of Worceter's brother, maister Frances Somerset.

Of men and helpe, which made our harts ful sad
But still with wordes, the councel did vs glad
And sayd the duke was comminge, haue no drede,
Who much desirde, for to supply our nede.

The French came forth, at midnight after this
As though they would a camisado make;
But as God wrought, their purpose did they misse
For though some men the trenches did forsake
An other sort, defence did vndertake
And stode so sure, and shot so in their face
That there they slew a corporal in the place.

They seyng that, ful hastely retyrde
And lokt not backe theyr fellowes for to see
To turne agayne was none that them desird
Each man is glad to see his enmy flee.
A bridge of gold geue him that runnes from thee
The wyse man bids, which councel they that maye
Wil not refuse in warres I dare wel saye.

Now must you note, the Frenchmens hartes were hye
And of reliefe they made a great auaunce
And for they serud before their mistris eye
The feats of armes, the more they vsd to haunte
As though our campe, their courage could not daunt
Wherfore ful late at night when sun was set
They issued out, to take vs in a net.

Uppon our trench, and all along the sandes
They came amayne, far past a marching pace,
And brought abroad their braue and chefest bandes
But as God woulde we met them in the face,
Where lo the shot induerd a maruaylous space
Some men of theirs, that whyle cryde shyrly bowes
So nere the campe that vp the souldiours goes.

A larom long among them there they had,
And sundry sortes of thinges they thought thereon
But at the trench, was many a stubborne lad
Which still with shot did prese the French vppon,
And left them not vntil that they were gon
Or sawe them flye, their whitcotes serud so well
I lacke but tyme, their worthines to tell.

Our enmyes now, became more circumspect
And curtsie made, so nere our camp to come
They woulde not lose, their men to smal effect
Nor had no wyl to hap in whytecotes thom
They sent them in, without the sound of drumme
They kepe such stur, as neuer yet I sawe
And yet at first, they were but blunt and rawe.

Stil did we hope to haue from Barwicke ayde
It comes this day, quoth one, it wil not fayle
The fame wherof did make the French afrayde
They knew they must abyde a new assayle
This newes among our men did much preuaile,

But in the end they saw smal hast was made
Wherfore their myndes were in an other trade.

The dowager, the queene of Scottes, fel sicke
This whyle, wheron, at length this lady dyed,
Whose death did touch the Frenchmen to the quicke;
For sure their frend she was as wel was tryed
(And to her realme it cannot be denyed
She was ful fast) a princes of hye sprete
For Fraunce a perle a member apt and mete.

I had almost left out a skirmish here
Upon the sandes, where horsemen honor gate
And in despyte they rode the French so nere
That diuers French were ouerthrow therat
Although that here I partly touched that
You must not thinke, but dyuers days lykewise
The horsemen kept this common course and guise.

As tyme consumd, so stil our men did waste
And needful was for ayde or els for peace
And to be briefe, our country made no haste
From watch and warde our souldiers to releace
Greate murmurs stil among vs did encreace
But dewty bad, each souldier do his best
Til sweete reliefe should bring poore soules some rest.

From Fraunce there came, embasadours this to ende
And from our queene, the like to vs was sent

Aboute the same, they did much labour spend
And as you know, both partyes were content
The French by sea, vnto their country went
Compeld with force, they did forsake the towne
To our great fame, and honor of the crowne *.

First giue me leaue, our souldiers to aduaunce
That with their blud, their countryes rest haue brought
Next how they serud agaynst the flower of Fraunce
And last of all, did bringe their bragges to nought
And more then this note here and kepe in thought
They being weake did make the strong to bow
And to their home, returne with conquest now.

But or I go, to farre in souldiers prayse
The instrumentes, that endid al this toyle
I must set foorth †, whose graue and sober wayes
And stoutnes both, did geue the French a foyle
They forst the French to yeld to their own spoyle
They did perswade, nay rather they compell
To part to Fraunce. as al men knowes ful wel.

Was this none act, to worke them so lyke wax
That were as hard as flint or stony steele
And quench the fyre that was so nere the flax

* The Byshop of Valence from Fraunce; my lord of Burleigh, that now is, came to conclude this peace.

† Lord Burleigh ended these broyles.

And ceast the plage that many one might feele
And brought vs peace, and cast al war at heele
And as a man might say mawger their teeth
Drew forth the French out of the towne of Leeth.

Because the brute and betle headded braynes
Can not conceiue, the depenes of this peace,
And that some thinke that we haue lost our paynes
Or that by this did further warres increace,
For that I would such fond conceipts should ceace
Here shal I showe the sum of al the same
As neare as I can put such thinges in frame.

By this wee haue, that many kinges did seeke
A perfit peace, with Scotland sure for aye
By this the French, that hestled neare our cheeke
Ful many yeares, are now dispatcht away
By this smal broile, did cease a greater fray;
By thys our realme was rid from further care
Our foes sent home, and we in quiet are.

By this our Quene hath al her owne requestes
Unfit for you, to know therof the weyght,
By this great thinges, as yet in question restes
Til for our welth, they shalbe framed streight
By this our fame is lifted such an height
That euery wight, that throughly wais this chance
Shal say we stroue agaynst the flower of Fraunce.

How happy are the subiectes hie and lowe
Rueld by the prince, in whose tyme this was wrought
Which for the zeale of her owne realme you knowe
And Scotlandes loue hath set expence at nought,
And in her dayes, to passe such thinges hath broughte
As seldome could be compast wel with wit
Wherfore the fame, therof to hir is fit.

Here haue you hard, of Leeth the order throw
As far as ryme wil suffer me to wryte
In prose who list, to make rehersal nowe
Therof hath skope to shew in paper whyte
A beter way, that shal you more delight:
For this was done, as this I saw it then
And tyme but short, I had to vse my penne.

THE RODE
OF SIR WILLIAM DRURY,
Into SCOTLAND, 1570.

THE dependence, under which the earl of Murray brought Scotland to Elizabeth, was *disgraceful* to the nation, says the historian, Robertson: but, he might have added, that it was injurious to his country in the highest degree: for it involved the nation in the various miseries of foreign invasion, and domestic war. The death of Murray, on the 22d of January, 1569–70, by the vengeful shot of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, embittered all those miseries, by leaving a divided people, without a ruler, and by reanimating the cruel efforts of civil war. The death of Murray was attributed, by the English government, and by Scotish faction, to the family of Hamilton, as the heads of the queen's party. The historian adds, but without proof, that Scot of Buccleugh, and Ker of Fernyherst, both zealous abettors of the queen's cause, entered England, the day after the regent's murder, in a hostile manner; nor could it have happened, *unless they had been privy to the crime.* I shall only subjoin a few notices, and dates, from CECIL'S *Diary*, as introductory to *Drury's Inroad:*

1570, April 15. The earls of Huntley, Argyle, &c. sent the laird of Trabroun to the earl of Sussex, to move him not to enter Scotland.

17. The earl of Sussex, and lord Hunsdon, entered Tividale: three hundred villages burnt; fifty castles cast down: the lord Scrope made a *rode* into the west.

20. The duke of Castleherauld released from the castle of Edinburgh.

22. The army returned out of Scotland: the earl of Lennox went into Scotland: [17 July, he was chosen regent, according to the record of his election, in the Cotton Library.]

26. The earl of Sussex, and lord Hunsdon, again entered Scotland: and on the 28th of April the castle of Home was, absolutely, rendered; and two hundred English soldiers left for a garrison.

May 4. Fast-castle taken, by order of the earl of Sussex.

7. The end of the consultation, about the delivery of the queen of Scots.

11. The earl of Sussex sent sir William Drury, the marshal of Berwick, into Scotland, with twelve hundred footmen, and four hundred horsemen, who, at Coldingham, received six hostages; viz. Angus, Morton, Mar, Glencairn, Ruthven, and lord Lindsay, [for the safe return to Berwick of Drury's army.]

June 3. Sir William Drury returned out of Scot-

land to Berwick; he had thrown down four houses of the duke of Castleherauld, viz. Linlithgow, Kineel, Hamilton-palace, Hamilton-castle [Cadzow.]

The following facts may be learned, from those notices: 1. The *king's friends* are said to have invited that hostile inroad; 2. Who they were may be seen in the list of the six hostages. The vengeance of Elizabeth was, chiefly, poured upon the Hamiltons.

THE RODE made by Syr WILLIAM DRUERY Knight, into Skotlande, from the East Seas to the West (with sundry gentlemen of good calling) for the reformation of sutch causes as the Queenes Maiesty and hir Counsayle thought conuenient. In the 13th Yeare of the Raygne of our Soueraygne Lady Queene Elyzabeth.

The Names of the Captaynes, and Gentlemen in his company.

Syr Thomas Manners.
Syr George Cary.
Syr Robert Constable.
Syr Ierome Bowes.
M. William Knowls.
M. Henry Cary.
M. Robert Knowlls.
M. Michaell Cary.
Captayne Cary.
Captayne Caruill.
Captayne Austell.
Captayne Edington.
M. Edmond Varney.

My lord of Sussex, now lord chamb erlayne, hauing finished two famous and notable rodes into Skotlande, which I haue written of* (as chargeable as paynfull, and of no smal credit and pollicy) rested a season at Barwick, by reason of a sicknesse taken by ouermutch trauel of body and minde in the seruice rehearsed, and reposing himself in that towne for the benefit of health thought necessary (in the present exployts and seruice expected) to institute another generall for the execution of such matters as he himself would gladly haue taken in hande, if sicknesse had permitted: and because eche gentleman souldiour and seuerall bandes should dutifully obey (in all poincts and warlike order) the nue generall chosen for this purpose, my lord of Sussex made an oration in such forme and maner as throughly explayned the whole substance of the seruice, the vnsurety of the season, the difficult dealing of diuers aduersaries, and vttered the excellency of an oratour. At whose eloquence the heerers rather stoode astonyed than vnsatisfied in any poynct or parcell, wherein he opened the bowels of rebellion, the practise of enemies, and subborning of traytors, and earnestly persuaded euery honest minde, to be mindefull of his prince and countrey, in the liberty whereof, both life and lyuing is alwayes to bee offered, after whych oration as custome is (for seruyce past, and things to come) he

* My Lord of Sussex iorneis I set out in my second booke.

made these knightes that heere are mentioned, sir William Drury, sir Thomas Manners, sir George Care, and sir Robert Constable, and placing the generall in full authority, he committed them to God and the good conduct of the chieftayne; then presently with professed obedience ech man desired to do a daies seruice, to venter his lyfe, to shed his bloud, or shewe his duety. Whereupon, and as great and weighty cause moued, my lorde of Sussex commaunded them to martch forward, and so they did, and made that night a greater march than was looked for, and yet no lesse speede than was needeful: by which forwardnes, sodain exercises of armes, (and a brute blowen abroade of a more sooner departure) th'enemies were discouraged and hindred of their hope, and our men made maisters of the field, and possest in a maner their wish and desired hap, at the leaste taking aduauntage of the time, they preuented the push of a perillous and present pollicy, and auoyded the danger of a troublous time to come. For the enemy regardinge our readinesse and desire of encounter with them, retyred so fast backward, that all their labour was lost which they tooke in hand before. And now were they somewhat abashed that before vsed ouermutch boldnes, yet in doubtfull ballance stoode the weight of this iorney, considering what followed by the finenesse or falshood of double meaning frends (beside the daungers insident to the

hazards of fortune) our people being thought at the first to be great in number, were suffred to march where they pleased, but the enemy aduertised of our small power, not only lyke chafed boares began to pluck vp the brissels, but also bruted abroad we were taken in a pitfold, and had neede of a treble company to accomplish the exploit taken in hand. And after our powre had passed Edenbrogh towards the force of the aduersaries, the secret practisiens of mischief in that town, set sodainly on our lackeis: and sutch of the trayne as could not conueniently follow the camp with expedicion, were in daunger to fal in the fury of those bloodsuckers that delighted in slaughter, who sought by suttlety to bring poore weaklings to the mercy of the sword. But this boldnes and audatious dealings, hindred no whit the hope of our general, nor brake no peece of our purposed matter, for our camp though it was but little, tooke great regard of their safety and honour, and knew that the enemies espials slept no more than their sleights, nor nothing was kept more awaken than their common consent, for our destruction. Which made vs so vigilant and careful, that euery man was bent to beare of the brunt of this busines to the vttermost, with the pollecy of head, perrel of body, or hazard of life: and kept themselues so fast linkked together, that it seemed a thing impossible to break their order, or daunt their corage, being resolued to

try, by sword and seruice, the worst or best that fortune could do. And so marched onward as boldly and wyth as great a show as nothing could haue bin a let and impediment to their purposed enterprises. At the vew whereof the enemies were not only amazed but likewise striken in sutch feare, they wist not what was best to be don, and finding their deuices disciffred and ouer taken, (and their force and people, but weakly guided), they inuented to cast another compas and so to frame by falshood and treason a readier way for the execution of their wyeles and wicked will, as hereafter you shall perceiue when I come to touch the perticulars. Our camp neither spared paynes, nor no exersies of armes al this season, and so approching many places on the sodaine, they made the enimy retyre and raysed the siege of sundry townes as Glasko and others which were to long to reherse *, yet alwayes as mildly and quietly as was possible in their passage outward they behaued themselues: deferring the punishing of false brethren and deceiuable enimies, til the returne of the camp homeward again if God so should suffer. And being masters of the fielde and emboldned to march forwards by the happy successe of their labours, they made as great speede as they might to be at Dombrittain there to finish by fight or fauorable fortune,

* The Duke Chastilleroy was at thys seege, and went away discoraged.

the greatest hazard and toyle of this daungerous iourney. And now was it come to the vtter extremity that eyther the enimy must deeply dissemble and worke some treasonable train, or openly stand at defence and poinct of the sword. Whereupon they made a show and signe of great amity, and cloking pretensed mallice vnder a parle and communication of peace, they seemd to mislike no matter that was ministred. As though they agreed to haue an vnity and reformation for ciuell wars and disorder crept in the common wealth by caueling and quarellous people, and offring in a maner all security and trust for the salfe meeting of the lord Flemming, and sir William Drury, who should throughly talke and debate of things than most necessary and conuenient (to be amended, or at the leaste wise spoken of) so our general condessended to see what fruict this florishing frendship would yeld, and giuing occasion of good liking and of no suspicious handling of this busines. Sir William Drury prepared himself to go apart from his power, offring to be armed or vnarmed. Alwaies prouiding if any of the enimies had ishued out of the towne (for a trayne and false practise) he had a sufficient band ready to resist al mischieues that might follow. So as the marshall maner is of meetings for sutch purpose, the lord Flemming and our generall preased in place: as al kinde of doubts and dangers stood voyd and clere of suspicion

and free from all feare. But the lord Flemming contrary to our hope and against the law of armes, by cautel and suttle sort had closly layde a bayte to betray syr William Drury, or caused twain of his souldiers at the very instant of meeting, to shoote of their pieces, and thinking by the death of the general a general disorder wold follow to further the good fortune of the faythlesse flock and disceitful dealers: and in deed for truth, our general was no sooner in daunger vpon trust, but this treason was put in proofe and present practise, for two seuerall shot were sodainly discharged ful in the face of sir William Drury, and the enimies missed but a little, the only mark they shot at. Notwithstanding syr William Drury (as one resolued to reuenge iniury and falshed) stood so stoutly to his own businesse, that hee shot of both his dagges, to the discourage and infamy of this vnlordly enterprise, and with a lowd voyce made a vow, that this lewd fact should not long escape vnreuenged. The lord Flemming like a fox to the hole, withdrew him to his hold, and our general came orderly, and without harm from this hateful hazard and vnaccustomed entertaynment of wars. And being retired in safety, and the matter wel disgested, a maruelous murmour and furious talke arose in our campe among the whole multitude, and euery honest heart hated this harebrayne and hasty disorder, harbored, and hatched in the bowels of a crokadil. And surely

this powder made such a smoulder and smoke, that sundry stout stomacks were sturred to anger, and set on a very flame by the heat thereof. And one of the chiefe (and best credit next the general) stept out and declared, that it was a dishonour to suffer a generall to so worthy a band (and in the seruice of so mighty a prince) so vsed and derided, and for that no such filthy fact should sleep in silence, nor passe vnpunished, he would leaue to the posterity an example thereof for euer. Wheron he earnestly desired the generals lycence, that he might send an harrold of armes, to the lord Flemming, to know the cause of this vnwarlike demenour, and further (quoth he) it becommeth better myne estate (bicause I am now vnder this generall) than the generall himselfe, to try out this quarell by combat and defiaunce of feyght. And more noble it was, that a gentilman souldiour should stand in those questions, than a generall, considering his calling and office. To the which offer and good persuasion, the generall gaue this aunswere, I haue my deere frend syr George Carie, great thanks to giue you in this behalfe: albeit for the greatnes of your minde my thanks is to to small a recompence, but it standes me vpon to search out these matters to the vttermost, and so I would, were not my commission and charge, as yee knowe, otherwayes to be employed; yet sence your sute is so reasonable (and the whole company and law of armes alows it) I

graunt you your request and therein do as best shal seeme to your byrth and exstimation, syr George Carey (desirous of honour, and to see tretchery rebuked) strayghtwayes deuised a letter to bee sent out of hande, whiles things were fresh in memory, and wrote sutch matter as hee minded to stand vnto what euer shoulde happen: the effect of whose letter follows word by word, as the wryter himselfe drue it out, and deliuered it to the harrolde in the presence of a number.

¶ *The Letter of Syr George Carey.*

Lord Flemming, if eyther your byrth or bringing vp had wrought in you a noble mynde or estimacion of credite, hardly would you haue so mutch forgotten, and stayned your honour, as in a parley of late with our general you dyd. At whom vildly, and vnhonorably shooting you falced that assuraunce of warre, which souldiours submit themselues vnto: and trayned him to your treason vnder trust, a thing heretofore not accustomed, nor presently to be allowed of. He assuredly pretending your owne and your frendes good, commodity to your countrey, and quietnesse to the state: twice abased and submitted himselfe, comming to confer with you thereof: but your pride, ioyned with a harmefull meaning to those that professe best vnto, and selfe wilfull vayne glory, without cause why, refused that which reason and honour commaunded you to haue done. Therfore

because his calling is presently with his charge better then yours, and myne not inferior, I sommon you, reasonably to excuse that fault supposed to bee yours, or els to maynetayne that trayterous acte with your person agaynst myne in fight, when, where, or how you dare. Otherwise I will baffull your good name, sounde with the trumpet your dishonour, and paint your pictor with the heeles vpward, and beate it in despight of yourselfe. In the meane time I attend your answere. From Glasco the 22 of May, 1570. (Subscribed.) GEORGE CAREY.

¶ *The Copy of the Lord Flemmings Aunswere.*

George Carey, I haue receyued your braynlesse letter, makinge mention of my false and treasonable dealing against your generall, in shooting vnder trust, so vildly agaynst my honour and trueth, trayterously trayned him vnder my trust, which is altogether false and vntrue. And howbeit your genrall came by the house of Dunglasse, by my appoynctment, which I suffered and appoyncted one place of meetinge, sixe men of eyther party, which he refused, and he departed, and certayne of his company came bragging vp the riuer side towards the same, and the ground thereabouts, shooting your hargubusses against the same, I could do no lesse but present you with sutch as I had. Whereas you write of your generalls calling to bee presently better then myne, and yours not in-

ferior, when your generall challengeth mee thereof, I shall giue answere: and as for you, I will not be inferiour to a better then you, or any souldiour vnder your generalls charge. Whereas you sommon me, as you call it, reasonably to excuse that fault supposed to be myne own, or els to mayntayne that trayterous acte with my person agaynst yours: you shall wit, I haue gentlemen of honor seruaunt souldiours to me, as you are to your generall, which may be your fellowes, shall defend the same agaynst you and your false and vntrue inuented writing, and were not the charge I present, or howe soone I can be releeued of the same, I should lowly my person, to meete you sixe English myles fro any other person. How be it ye be but one souldier, assure yourselfe this day forth, I will not receyue no sutch vayne inuented message, for I haue little to doe with Englishmen, yee may rayle vpon my honourable name as yee please. You shall haue as honourable gentlemen as your selfe against you feighting. Take this for aunswere. JOHN L. FLEMMING.

Lord Flemming; often the Flemmings after noone aunsweres, smelleth more of wyne then wit. But as the common cryme, the custome of their countrey yeldeth them part of pardon: so your common acquayntance, with the same condition knowne to be very great, shal to me somwhat excuse your witlesse

writing, wherein first you disaloow my right recitall of your trayterous dealing, by terminge it false and vntrue, for aunswere, know this, the truth my pen hath written, by the witnes of a number. And my hande I vow shall maintayne the same before the world at all times: but you in denying it, haue both falsely and uniustly lied in your throate, and dare neyther defend nor disproue, that in deedes, which in words you haue don, whereas you write that our generall passed Dunglas. By your appoynctment which you suffred. Therein you do manifestly say vnhonorably and vntruely for that you had no knowlege of our first comming, but saluted vs with your shot, and we likewise skirmished with your men, euen at their owne strength, vntill we vewed the grounde about at our pleasure. And touching the appoynctment of sixe of eyther part, easely that may be known to be a playne lye, seeing wee had neyther parle nor conference with you before, to appoynct place or meeting. But where as you say you could do no lesse, but present vs with sutch as you had, therein you confesse, and acknowledge the dishonor and treason that I charged you with al, taking vpon your self that fault which I supposed to haue bin of your seruaunts, for our generall retired his company far from him. And his trumpet being with you, approched himselfe alone to haue parled, when vnder trust you discharged two hargubusses against him,

an act rather seemely for a cowardly traitour, then one that profesɜeth to be a souldier, finally whereas you let mee wit^ that you haue gentlemen of honour, seruaunt souldiours to you that may be my fellowes, which should defend the challeng that toucheth so neere your selfe, as with honour you shoulde not haue refused it. First, I thinke skorne to be any wayes inferiour to you, though but a souldier, to honourable a name for you, being better in birth and vnstayned with reproche as you haue bin. Secondly, I haue more and as good gentlemen vnder my conduct, as you haue vnder your charge, which shall aunswere as many as you can bring, if with number yee meane to combat, and will put them to that which you dare not doe yourselfe. But assure you, my quarell shall remayne euerlasting, except the proofe of your owne person against myne may ende it, and when you shall dare come out of your crowse neast, I will be ready to ride an hundreth Skottish myles, to meete with you in any indifferent place, and vntill that tyme, I shall accoumpt you deuoyde of honesty and honour, vnworthy to marche vpon grounde or to kepe company with men. From Hamelton, the 29 of May, 1570.

(Subscribed) GEORGE CAREY.

Though many wayes were wrought by message and threatnings to moue the lord Flemming to defend with battaile the fault and folly committed, yet

hee put on sutch a vizard of rebuke and shameles countenaunce that he faced out the matter, and shifted of the combat, by sutch sjlly sleights and subtelty, that all the audience might wonder at the weaknes of his courage, and the enimies clapping themselues in sauegard, gaue an occasion to our men to lose no further time about remedilesse matters. For there coulde nothing grow on this busines at that season, colde and bare skyrmishes, neyther honorable nor worthy the tarryinge for, as by tryall fell out afterwards. These things ended and order taken for our returne from Donbrittane, the camp marched homewards, and comming to Glasko where our powre reposed themselues a while, and either then or sone after they besieged Hammulton castell and tooke it, wherein there was the bishop of saincct Andros son, lord Daui, sonne to the duke Shattilleroy, and sundry gentlemen of Skotland, and this castel subdued and blowen vp was a terrour to the rest, that as yet our camp had not visited, and for the more signe of victory, the generall brought from this castell a dozen good bras peeces, which now remayne in England. Ech thing rendred, and put vnder the commaundement and pleasure of our generall at Hammulton, from thence the camp marched to many places of importance, and ouerthrue houses and pallaces that belonged to any notorious enimy or falsefier of promesse and fidelity. Among the

rest was the dukes house brent, a stately and delicate pallace, and three or foure myles about the same, was ransackt and spoyled with flame and fier. A pyell called Netherrey, the lord Seactons house was by the enimies fortified, and yet the lady of the castell was glad to make humble peticion on hir knees for the generals fauor, and after hir sute and submission, she kissed the keyes of the aforesayd seat, and deliured them from hir, by which humility she found fauor at the generals hand, condicionally that a baron should be bound with hir that this castle should euer heereafter be at the deuotion of the queenes maiesty our mystresse, and so the band was made and order taken. Another place called Commernawd, the lord Flemmings cheef house, was yelded vpon great sute made to the general who tooke the like band and order therefore as was taken of Netherrey. The lady Liddington, great with child, mistrusting hirselfe (or hir husbands double dealings towards our countrey) in great feare began to flee. But sir William Drury hearinge thereof, sent hir word he came not to make warres with women, but rather to shew pitty to the weake and comfortles, and therevpon she stayd and had no further harm, I haue kept this in store as a thing to be throughly considred, which is the comming to Lithcoe, and the vsage therof don only for a speciall poinct of seuerity, and to terrifie the stubborn stomacks and inconstantnesse

of proud people. The general hauing entred the towne called for the prouost, and commaunded him to prepare with all expedicion to receiue a iust plague and correction through the whole towne for treason, and vnpardonable offences committed. And declaring that the inhabitaunts thereof had succored and supported traytors to our countrey contrary to the leagues and quietnes of the realms of England and Skotland, and for that cause he was fully resolued to ouerthrow that town and receptakul of traytors, and so commaunded ech captayne and souldiour what so euer they were vnder his charge to see due execution on that which he purposed, and taking good regarde that the goods therof should not be possest by Englishe souldiers, nor lost or cast away by vehemency of fier, hee wylled the prouost to appoynct a place conuenient to bring the sayd goods vnto, whych might bee employed to the Skottishmens vse and commodity *. And the generall graunted vppon hys owne curtesy eu'ry noblemans lodging, and captaynes house to be free from burning. The enimies all this season beholding a far of the successe of these matters. Thus as the day and houre approched for this determined execution, came the earl Mortton as intercessor, to intreat and sue for pardon if fauour might be purchased, and the earle Mortton

* Prouision was made for the preseruation of sicke persons, men, women, and children.

brought before the general a multitude of wayling people, whose mourning and pittious cries was pearcing and importunate. The generall heareing their requests aunswered: For many causes the town ought to be destroyed, considering howe diuers enimies (whose proude practises were not to be suffered) had alwayes there a common resorte and conference, and further, quod he, the curtesie that is shewed to sutch places of repayre hath emboldned the rest of Skotlande to vse open violence and secret villanies to the preiudice of Gods glory, hinderaunce of the weale publik and breach of good lawes and pollecies. Wherefore sayd he, to the warning of thousands, and example of many, it was fit and most meete (in that cace of exstremity) to rase out sutch monuments of mischieues, and harbor of wicked conspiracies, and especially that towne hauing crakked creadit in a bloudy action before, deserued now double affliction. Well yet notwithstandinge for all these earnest and threatninge wordes of syr William Drury, the people of all sortes so preased about him, and made sutch pytefull cryes and noyse (with children lying on the ground suckinge of theyr mothers breastes,) that he was inwardly moued to rue on their wretched estate, and albeit in sundry seruises before diuers Skotishmen had naughtly discharged certayne shot at him, (paraduenture by the practise of some there in presence) yet was he content vppon sutch conditions as

hee thought good to receyue the town of Lithco to mercy. And ordayned by sure band and promesse that the prouoste and chiefest of gouernment there should follow the camp, and at all times apeere when they were called for at Barwick, and there to submit themselues, their towne, and goods to the clemency of the queenes highnesse, or sutch order as my lord of Sussex by hir consent thought necessary; to whych bands and conditions they of Lithco agreed, and for that their regent was slayne and none then instituted (to whom they had geuen fayth of alleagiance) they confessed that none might commaunde theym any way without licence of hym that bound them in this seruitude, to whom both their promesse and obligation was passed, and at this day by their apparancese hath beene prooued they are not discharged of thys homage and duty: to knit vp these matters (and reuenge some iniuries the duke Shattilleroy had offred) a house of the dukes in Lithco, was blowen in the ayre with poulder. Lithco brought in obedience, as you haue hard, vnto some other parts of importance they martched, and casting the worst of myschieves that might fortune (consideringe their smal number, and the great practises were gon about to supplant their doings,) they thought not good to enter Edenbrough wythout standing so sure on their garde that they needed not to doubt any double or crooked measure: which sure handling of the mat-

ter did not onely shew the deuisers thereof to haue good conduct and experience, but in deede also eschued an inconuenience as ill as a mischiefe. For the enimies had finely by fraude and cunninge, wrought sutch a feare (through the deuice of a fray to be made in the suburbes) that a great murther had burst out sodaynly, and no small bloudshed had bin set a broch by the same, if God and good guiding of the people had not auoyded these harms and eminent danger. And to be plaine some inward motion moued the generall so suspiciously, that he sent to the gates at their first arriuall and there preuented the purposed conspiracie, and no sooner entring the towne, but our whole powre kept themselues in order to cleere the streates and commaund the inhabitants the better *. So consuming the nyght they stoode on their garde as the cace required. And when the morning was come syr William Drury, (smelling out a pad in the straw, and a foule flame couertly hydden) demaunded iustice, and straight punishment for sutch things as he would truly lay to the charges of some of the townes men, and tolde them if remedy were not sone prouided, and satisfaction made for the follies and outrage committed, he would be quickly reuenged to the displeasure and shame of al the maynteyners of this mad and mischieuous presumsion,

* Syr Thomas Manners and two officers, vnder one command of footemen, were sent before to staye the gates.

after which words, and whan thinges were wayed to the weyght of the cause, the towne dĕliuered the generall certayne malefactours to be executed and ordred by his discrecion; he seeing their submission, mercifully and frankly sent them away to their captaynes, and so these broyles were pacified and brought to a better frame and vniformity.

Now here is somwhat to be spoken of in the happy successe of this little bande, if therein the disdaynfull misconstrŭed not my meaninge, and wresting troth to flattery (by consayte of enuious glorious mindes) might murmur at the vertue and valor of those who this matter touceth. Wherefore I commit the iudgement of this journey to sutch as hath bene or woulde bee in the lyke hazarde, and seruyce, yet minde I not to leaue out any poynct or peece that maye redound to these souldiours renoume and estimation, because I woulde haue their prayses equally distributed among the fauorers of vertue and deseruers of good fortune. I haue a little seene and somewhat red, but seldome hard and known a company so vnited and knit together, so obedient to dissipline of warre, and so peaceable in all respects and porposes, yea surely it is to bee proued that some of good byrth and calling refused no seruiceable labour and toyle if the generall but onely made a bare signe or shewe of hys determinat minde. And throughout the camp with a mutual loue and inclination, they

seem'd to beare a general burthen, as euery member there had ben a naturall framed instrument to the vse of one body. And to foster and nourishe this crue of men in the marshall arte and rules of warre was there prescribed good and quiet orders, and a proclamation made that no man should take any thinge by violence, nor without pleasing the people for the same. And further, if any found himselfe greeued, he was commaunded to repayre for redresse to the generall and hys officers: whose care and study was alwayes ready to minister iustice, as their whole doings declared, and namely at Lythcoe and Glaskoe, where two English souldiers were seuerally punyshed: the one in deed, by intercession of the lordes and gentlemen, was saued from hanginge, and the other was whypped, as the merites of the man did require. Nowe hauinge shewed you the maner and order of this campe, and touched lightly in briefe the substaunce of sutch matter as I think worthy the penning, I wil shew you of their marching homwards. When they had rested a while in Edenbrough, they went towards Seatton, the lorde Seattons chiefe house, where the lady of that soyle in lyke sorte (as before is mentioned) presented the keyes of that place to the generall, who made not onely a redelyuery thereof, but also gaue the lady the house and all that belonged thereunto, to hir great contentation and his no little good report. A jorney after this

was taken in hande to Anderweeke, with intent to ouerthrow the same also, yet on the suite and bondes of dyuers gentlemen, the place was spared from spoyle and punishment, and the offenders receyued to remission. And than as occasion sought to finishe their trauayle, they drue neere the borders of England, spending about these things but xxiiij daies at the vttermost, a iorney to bee noted, and worthy to be regestred in perpetuall memory. Heere may you behold what a willing and valiaunt company may doe in little time, and what ouerthrowes and plagues are sent by Gods prouision, to sutch as breaketh the bounds of blessed orders, and forgettes the duety to common wealthes and christianity. Thus in simple prose I haue drawen out this seruice, not mindinge therewith to eleuate or puffe vp with ouerweening the myndes of any one person that this giueth commendation vnto, nor meaninge to disgrace no enimy, for that season agaynst whom this journey was made. But this is written only to set forth truly and playnly the actes and affayres of our time, that sutch as lyst to argue and reason thereof, shall bee the better instructed of euery doubt or certaynty belonging to sutch a disputation. So fare you well.

THE SIEGE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, 1573.

THE ridge, on which Edinburgh, the metropolis stands, ends, on the westward, in a precipitous rock of black marble, and of great height. From the earliest times, there seems to have been some strong hold on that rock, as its British name of *Maidun*, seems to import. In subsequent times, it was easy, by a slight deflection, to convert Maidun, into Maiden-castle; and it was equally familiar, for fiction, to suppose, that the castle derived this last appellation, from its being the residence of the maiden daughters of the Pictish kings: Churchyard, in the following poem, has alluded to this fiction, with poetic happiness. This rock is on all sides very steep, especially, towards the north, where it is perpendicular, for some space. The area, whereon the modern castle was founded, contains about six acres. This fortress is only accessible on the eastern side, where the entrance is not only protected, by the rock, but is strengthened, by art.

Edinburgh-castle, as it commands the city, has always been of great importance, particularly, during

the unhappy periods of domestic warfare. During the factious reign of Mary Stuart, Edinburgh-castle was supposed to be so commanding a power, as neither the skill, nor the materials of those times, nor the men, were, by any means, sufficient to besiege it. By the death of the regent Murray, the command of this castle continued with Kirkaldy of Grange, the best soldier, in Scotland: he was soon joined, by secretary Maitland, who, next to Cecil, was the ablest statesman, in Britain, and who now directed not only the councils of the governor, but those of the queen's party. Every endeavour was used to induce the governor, and the secretary, to change their politicks, or to deliver the fortress. Elizabeth used all her influence, and policy, to gain two men, who were of the utmost importance, in the present circumstances; but, without success: and feeling that she could not dictate, in Scotland, while the castle remained, in hostile hands, she resolved, according to an expression of her secretary, Walsingham, *to pull them out by the ears*. For this end, sir William Drury, who was so often mentioned by Churchyard, was sent, from Berwick, at the end of April, 1573, with an army, and artillery, to besiege the castle of Edinburgh, in order to obtain, by force, what they had failed in gaining, by treaty*. The siege began on the 2d of

* Birrel, in his Diary, 20, gives the following account of the

May, and the garrison surrendred, on the 29th of the same month, after a skillful, and gallant defence, upon terms, which were not fullfilled. Here ended the civil wars of many years. The governor was executed; the secretary died by poison; and Morton, the present regent, a few years afterwards, lost his head on the block. Such were some of the conse-

siege of Edinburgh-castle: "Upon the 2d of May, the English "cannon, which were sent, by queen Elizabeth, for the aid, and "help, of the king, and his regent, in number twenty great "pieces, began to shoute at the castle of Edinburgh, being "steillit [set, placed in battery] at four several places; viz. "five at Eyer's house, on the castle hill; five at the Grayfriars-"churchyard; five at Scot's land, near the west part; and the "other five, beyond the North Loch: they shot so hard, con-"tinually, that the second day, they had beat down, wholly, "three towers. The laird of Grange, called Kirkaldy of sur-"name, who was captain thereof, would not give over, but shot "at them, continually, both with great shot, and small, so that "there was a very great slaughter, among the English can-"noneers, sundries of them having their legs, and arms, torn "from their bodies, in the air, by the violence of the great shot. "At last the regent continuing his siege so close, and hard, the "captain being forced, by the defendants [the garrison] for lack "of victuals [and he might have added, *water*,] rendered the "same, after a great many of them were slain. The castle was "thus rendered, on the 29th of May, 1573.

"On the 3d of August, the laird of Grange, who was captain "of the castle was hanged, at the cross of the said town."

N. B. Drury was, some weeks before the siege, sent from

'quences of sacrificing the constitution to domestic faction, and the queen to the guilty passion of a foreign sovereign*.

THE SIEGE OF EDENBROUGH CASTELL

in the xv. Yeere of the Raygne of our Soueraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth, at which Seruice Sir William Drury, Knight, was Generall, hauing at that time vnder him, these Captaynes, and Gentlemen followinge.

¶ The Names of the Captains that had charge.	¶ The Gentlemen's Names.
Sir Francis Russell.	Sir George Cary.
Captayne Read.	Sir Henry Lee.

Berwick to Edinburgh, about some feigned business; and was allowed to enter the castle; so as to see its defences, and the points of attack: this accounts for the skill, with which the four batteries were placed. But, what garrison, and governor can withstand a general, who is allowed to examine their defences!

Sir William Drury was, afterwards, sent to Ireland, as a deputy lieutenant; and died at Waterford, on the 3d of October, 1579: Queen Elizabeth honoured his widow with a consolatory epistle.

* There was published, at Edinburgh, 1573, another poem, on the same siege, by Robert Semple, a noted rhymster of that age. See it in "Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century." Edin. 1801.

Captayne Erington,	M. Thomas Cecile.
Maister of the Ordinance,	M. Mighel Cary.
and Prouost Marshal.	M. Thomas Sutton.
Captaine Pickman.	M. Cotton.
Captaine Yaksley.	M. Kelway.
Captaine Gamme.	M. Dier.
Captayne Wood.	M. Tilney.
Captaine Case.	William Killigrue.
Captaine Sturley.	

As cause fell out, and brought in matters new
(And bloudy minds set many a broyle a broach)
So souldiers swarmd, and lowd the trompets blew;
Whose sounde did shoe, at hand did wars approach:
Than marshal men, in coats of iron and steele
With great regard, did wayt on cannon wheele
And in the field, a noble martch they made
To practise shot, and skowre the rusty blade.

But whan the campes set fote on Scottish ground
(Although the powre, and crue was very small)
They shapte them selues, at drom and trompet sound
With push of pyke, to giue the proud a fall
The quarel good, the force redoubleth stil
And bold attempt, makes way with bow and bill
It is not strength alone that wins the goale
Where corage comes, their fortune deales her doale.

A wonder great, to see so smal a band
In forrayne soyle, to seeke for any fame
I seldome heere, sutch matter tane in hand
That conquest gets, and scapeth free from blame
Beware I say the men whose minds are good
And mark the plague, of those which sucketh bloud
Gainst thorns they kick, that runs to wilful spoyle
Their conscience prick, that giue iust folk a foyle.

O Neroes brode, O bloudy butchars vile
That striketh down the heds that holds you vp
O wicked snakes, O serpents ful of wile,
That nector bryngs, yet giues a poisoned cup
O Syrens false, that sweetely sings a charme
That spoyles your selues, and doth your countrey harme.
O people vayne, that cuts the branches downe
That stayes your state, and stil mainteins your crowne.

Your dealings rash, and wretched reuels rude
With sticks did store, from hiue the quiet bees
Your graceles hands, in guiltles bloud imbrued
Was in sutch sort, disdaind of al degrees
That needes must come, some force with mayn and might
To take vp wrongs, and set your state aright
The cut throte knife, in sheath could seldom rest
Sutch mischief lurkt, and lodgd in lawlesse brest.

Ye neither sparde, the highest hed nor fote
The chiefest branch, nor yet the meanest spray *
But in your rage, to riue vp al the rote
At fullest prime, ye sought the readiest way
But he that holdes, in hand the horses rain,
When steede bolts out, calles bayard back again;
And so God sent, amid your retchlesse rage,
A quenching cole, your fury to aswage.

Of zeale and loue, to knit your harts in peace
And stop the streame, that ore the banks did run
A noble queene, whose lyfe our lord encreace
A stiklar was, ere greater grief begon
But sturdy minds, stode stifly in their cace
Till feeble force, gaue roaring cannon place
Than fast in fort, they clapt themselues with speede
And made defence, to saue the present neede.

A castel strong, that neuer none assayld
A strength that stode, on mount and mighty rock
A peerles plot, that alwaies hath preuaild
And able was, to suffer any shock
The enmy chose, and sure the seat was sutch
That might harme al, and few or none could tutch
And thought to be, the onely fort of fame
Most meete and fit, to beare a maidens name.

* Two regents slaine by sedycious persons ere this broyle began.

Yea sundry kynges, with sleight did seeke her spoyl
And threatned oft, to throw her in the duste
But none could boast, he gaue this mayd a foyle
With labour lost, he serude theyr gredy lust
And still he stode, like sun among the starres
(Lyke pucell pure, a pearle in peace and warres)
Which would not sure, be bought for gold nor good
Nor yet well won, without great losse of bloud.

This lofty seat, and lantern of that land
Like lode starre stode, and lokte oer eu'ry streete
Wherein there was a stout sufficient band
That furnisht were, with corage wyt and spreete
And wanted nought, that serud for their defence
Or could in fine, repulse their enmies thence
Well storde wyth shot, yea sure both good and great
That might far of, at wyl the countrey beat.

The castel stode, so strongly note it wel
There was no way, but one t'aproch the same
And that self thing, was sure a second hell
For smothryng smoke, for shot and fiery flame
It skowrd the streats, and beat the houses downe
And kept in awe ech lane within the towne,
Ne man nor child, could stur in open sight
But they were sure, vpon some shot to lyght.

With thondryng noyes, was shot off roaring Meg,
And through the thickst; she thumpt orethwart the waies
And where shot light, it shaued off arme or leg
As though an axe had cut down litle sprayes
The bullets still came whizzing by their cheekes
That prowld about, and sodaine daunger seekes
Here groned one, and there another lyes
That went too farre, or where blind bullet flies.

The liuely flock, that dare do mutch in deede
Do catch a clap, ere cause requyres the same
So some perhaps, for want of taking heede
Did feele the lash, as flie that falles in flame
But whan of force, they must the battrie plant
The souldier shewes, he doth no corage want
Some beate the lowps, some ply the walles with shot
And some spy out, where vantage may be got.

Fŏr safeties sake, of sutch as lay abroade
A trentch was made, to hold the enmye short
With pouder still, their pieces fast they loade
To skowre the place, where souldiers did resort;
Now might you see the heads flie vp in ayre,
Now cleane defaste the goodly buildings fayre,
Now stones fall down, and fill the empty dykes
And lusty ladds, auaunce the armed pikes.

Now cannons roarde, and bullets bownst like bawls
Now through the throng, the tronks of wildefier flue
Now totring towres, tyept downe with rotten wawls
Now some packte hence, that neuer said adue
Now men were knowne, and courage playd hys parte
Now cowards quakte, and curst all souldiers arte
Now ech deuice of death was dayly sought
And noble fame, and lyfe was dearely bought.

Heere must you note, how they within that hold
In warlik sort, a counter battry made
And on their braues, began to be so bold
They thought to learn our men a fyner trade
(In vsing shot, and planting cannons theare)
So hoping thus, to put our camp in feare
They plyed a pace, their practize euery way
With yron bawls, to make the souldiours play.

And grazing ones, vpon a piece we had
They droue away some gunners from their place
At view thereof, the enmies waxt so glad
They stoutely stode against vs face to face
What rule is this, quod than our general streight,
Where are these lads, that slynks away by sleight
He skarce deserues, to wear a souldiers coate
That hath in deede, his duety thus forgote.

But soe the brunt, of mischief was so great,
A few or none, God wot, did that they ought
He seing that, stept in amid the heat
And in his hand, a smoking lyntstock brought
And so gaue fier, to shew how corage must
His credit saue, when he is put in trust
A part well playd, a passing point of skill
That tries great minde, and blaseth mutch good will.

The gunnars than, shot off a ringing peale
Of cannons great, and did sutch cunning shoe
That euery man, might see what loue and zeale
And good regard, they had to country thoe
For in smal time, so neare theyr mark they went
That streight as line, in cannon mouth they lent
A shot of owrs, that ful twelue inches bears
Which all to tore, their peece about their eares.

That cut the combes of many a bragging cock
That broke the gawll, or gawld the horse too sore
That was the keye, or knacke that pikt the lock
That made some muse, that triumpht mutch before;
Yea that was it, that marde their market quite
And dawnted had, their hearts in great despite
For after this, they gan to step a back
And saw at hand, came on their ruine and wrack.

A litle harme doth breede a great mistrust
A simple storme makes some on seas ful sick
A feeble puffe of wind doth raise vp dust
A litle salue full sure can touch the quick
A smal attempt makes mighty matters shake
A silly spark a sodaine fier doth make
An easy profe brings hard mishaps to pas
As this declares where al these mischieues was.

The happy shot, that brake their piece in twayne
Discouagde clean, the boldnes of our foes
When battailes ioyne, in field and open playne
Ful sone is seene, where that the conquest goes
For vnto sutch, that sure and stoutly stand
Good fortune coms, in turning of a hand:
Yea whan mans force doth faint and feeble wàxe
Downe weapons go, and streight they turn their backs.

And set the world agoing once adue
It is mutch like a streame that hath no stay
Too late comes wit, to giue them corage nue
That feare before hath taught to run away
What would you more, the Scots did hast them thence
Where first they stode, and sought to make defence
And closly kept, the castell as they might
Not willyng oft, to come in open sight.

Yet ere these things could well be brought to pas
With baskets big, and things to serue the turne
A crosse the streete, a trauers made there was
Whiles for a shift, wet straw and hay did burne
And for to plant, some playing pieces there
A mount was raysd, which kept the foe in feare
The gunners sure, their duety throughly did
And at that tide was no mans seruice hid.

The enmies lokte, for succour out of Fraunce
Or help at home, if matter so fell out
For diuers things, might drop to them by chaunce
That reason thought, were harde to bryng about
For hope denyes, that hap or hazard brings
Good luck is swift, as swallow vnder wings
And though at first, it coms not that we craue
At last some help, by fortune men may haue.

Their friends far of, and propps at home likewyse
With great affaires, sore grieued were the while
And Fraunce ye know (where bloud for vengeaunce cryes)
Had mutch a doe, for wycked murthers vyle
A matter straunge, that now I must skip ore
To wryte at full, of things I spake before
Thus in exstreames, the Skots did stand within
More like to lose, than yet to saue or win.

For euery day, our men did creepe so neare
And bet the walles so flat vnto the ground
That in short time, there durst not one apeare
To make defence, or at the breach be found
Yet stoutly long, and with mutch manhod both
In daunger great, they stode I tel you troth
And kept their strength, as safely as they might
Though all in vaine, they toyled day and night.

In euery part, they were so throughly plyde
With souldiers sleyghts, with shot and sharpe assaute,
That in the end, they were ful faine to hide
Their heads from bobs, in hollow caues and vaute;
First did they lose the Spurre* a place ful strong
Which sore anoid the towne and souldiers long
And driuen thence, they were in fine right glad
To keepe sutch skowp, as easly might be had:

A kind of shot, that we great bombards call
Did vex theyr wits, and brought mutch feare in deede
And where that huge and mighty stone did fall
In weaklings braynes, it did great wonders breede
A princes power, doth many a practize shoe
Beyond the reach of common peoples boe;
And whan their hearts, are daunted with deuice
Theyr corage thoe is held of litle pryce.

* The Sporre was a stronge peese of stone worke,

And sundry drifts, without are put in vre
When they with in, do dwell in dreadful doubts
Who is betrapt, in penfold close is sure
At neede to want, abrode both ayde and skoutes
And subiect still, to mutins and reuolt
And wilfull ladds, and youth as wilde as colt
In whome when toyes, and sodaine mischief falles
They threat to fling theyr captains ore the walles.

Though wyse and ware, the chief and leaders be
Yet rude and rashe, the roflyng roysters are
And whan in fort, the bands can not agree
The souldiers waxe, as mad as is martch hare
Now do they jarr, than murmor muse and skowle
And fall from words, to brawles and quarels fowle
And shunning death, do seeke theyr liues to saue
By any meanes, and way that they may haue.

Whan sutch vproares is raysd and set a gog
There folows streight, a storme and flaw of wind
Than some perforce, must learn to leap the frog
And lyght full loe, for al theyr lofty mind
The danger dryues, sutch diuelysh nayles in head
That through dispayre, mans hope is striken dead
There might by chaunce, for any thing I knew
Sutch byelles burst out, among the Scottish crue

Our mounts were made, so mutch to our auayle
Our gunnars could dismount what piece they would
No maruel though, their hearts within did quaile
Who did at hand, their owne decay behold
Their powlder fayld, theyr water waxed skant
Their hope is smal, that doth munishon want
When with warme bloud, the water could is bought
Death makes dispatch, and selles the life for nought.

In some great neede, the castell stode that time
When on the breatch, our shot and cannons playd
And for thassault, we had not far to clime
Nor mutch to doe, when things were wiesly wayd
Saue that eatch wight, that led his fellowes on
Lokte all for fame, when breth and life was gon
And frankly swore, to die or win the seat
Or passe the pikes, by sword and dangers great.

A free consent of faithful souldiers than,
Among the chief, was found by view of face
Asawlt, asawlt, cride euery forward man
The day is oures, we wil possesse the place
Or leaue our bones, and bowels in the breatch
Tys time (quoth they) to charge and not to preatch
Dispute no more, the greatest doubt is past
Lets win or lose, sens now the dice are cast.

With that came in the general ful of joy
And thankt them all, that to the asawt would goe
As you this day (quod he) your liues employ
In seruice of our noble queene ye knoe
So if I lyue, my pursse, my power and all
(To serue your turnes) shal ready be at call;
Thrise happy is that captayn sure in deede
That hath in campe, sutch souldiers at his neede.

A showt full shryll, as loud as larum bell,
In trentch, in tent, and towne throughout aroes,
The Skots enclosde, that sat like snayle in shell.
By brute of this, their fatal destny knoes,
And findyng voyd, theyr hope and cunnyng cleane
They thought it best, for life to make some meane
And rather yeld, (ear sword, the matter tride)
And suffer shame, than so assaute to bide,

Yet diuers proues were made the breach to view,
And some were slayne, that dyd assayie the same
And when our men, thereof the secrets knew
And found the way, to put ech thing in frame
A band or two, wyth some of right good race
(When drom did sound), did forward march a pace
And fully bent, resolued lesse and more
To win the fort, or lose theyr liues therefore.

Now noble minds stept out in formost rank
And skornd to be the last should giue a charge;
His hap was best, that could deserue most thank,
And might by death, his countries fame enlarge,
But he most vile, that could no valure shoe
And he embrast, that to the breatch would goe
A time was come, to try who triumpht moste
Who toke most payns, and who did brag and boste.

And in effect, the souldiers al were glad,
To make short work, and se what hap would doe
But as I sayd, when that our enmies had
Well waid these things, and pausd vpon it to
They were content in playne and symple sort
Unto our quene to yeld and geue the forte,
Loe here how soone, the strong becoms ful weake
And out of shrape, fly cocke, and so cry creake.

THE TRAGEDIE
OF JAMES, EARL OF MORTON.

THE subject of the following *tragedie* was one of the most prominent, perhaps, the most profligate character of the reign of Mary, queen of Scots.

He was born about the year 1520, the youngest son of sir George Douglas, the earl of Angus's brother, by Elizabeth, the heiress of David Douglas of Pittendreich: he was of course five years older than secretary Maitland; ten years older than the bastard, earl of Murray; and twenty-two years older than the queen.

His father's estates were forfeited, for his treasons, by the parliament of 1528: yet, James V., in February 1535–6, granted to his wife, and son, James, one third of those forfeitures; as we know from the great seal record. This liberal grant evinces, that the tale told, by the historian of the Douglases, of James, earl of Morton, being obliged to act, during his early age, as a gentleman's steward, is a fiction.

The earl of Angus, and his brother, were restored, by the first parliament of queen Mary, which was called, in 1543, by the regent Arran: yet, they continued to act, as pensioners of England, and traitors

to Scotland. Sir George Douglas's son, James, did not disparage his father: when the earl of Hertford was about to enter Scotland, with a hostile army, in 1544, he corresponded with James Douglas, who had now become the master of Morton; and who had engaged to deliver to him Tamtallon-castle, one of the keys of the kingdom *. We may thus perceive, that James, master of Morton, who was now twenty-four, was treacherous, from his blood, and birth.

James Douglas somewhile before 1543, had mar- Elizabeth, the third daughter of James, earl of Morton, by Catharine, the bastard daughter of James IV., and, the earl having no son, by a second entail, settled his estates and earldom, on his son-in-law: and thereafter, James Douglas was called, in the idiom of Scotland, master of Morton, or heir presumptive of the earl: we see, that he was so called, in 1544, when he acted the traitor, with the earl of Hertford.

James, master of Morton, first distinguished himself, as a vigorous character, in November 1543, when the regent Arran, knowing the treasons of the earl of Angus, and his brother, attacked Dalkeith-castle, by assault, on which occasion the master defended the *donjon* of the fortlet against the regent, and his whole force.

The earl of Morton, dying in 1553, the master

* Hertford's letters to H. VIII. in the Hamilton archives.

succeeded to his father-in-law, under the entail before mentioned: yet, he was too acute a man, not to know, that his title to his estate, and earldom, was defective; and might be revoked, by the queen, when she came to legal age. We thus see the cause, why the earl of Morton acted, with so much circumspection, during the subsequent troubles. He knew, that both his own, and his nephew, the earl of Angus's, titles, were defective. It was not till the parliament of April 1567 confirmed so many titles, and estates, with the queen's assent, that Morton showed the full audacity of his character.

When the queen returned to her kingdom, through so many risques, in August 1561, she put her government into protestant hands, with her bastard brother, for her minister: and then was Morton made a privy counsellor; when he entered into the strictest friendship with the bastard of Scotland, which continued, as long as they lived together: we are assured, indeed, by the historian of the Douglases, "that Morton, and Murray, the queen's minister, "had thenceforth the same friends, and the same "enemies; the same aims, and ends. They ran the "same hazards, and engaged in the same enterprizes; "never separating their counsels, nor failing to aid "one another." This is so important a passage, that it ought to be kept constantly in view. Morton followed Murray, when he carried Mary into the north;

to take possession of his earldom, and to ruin Huntley. Morton fought by Murray's side, at the conflict of Corrochie, where Huntley fell, without a wound. As a reward for his attachments, Morton was appointed chancellor of Scotland, in the room of the fallen earl, on the 7th of January, 1562–3.

When Murray went into rebellion, to do the drudgery of Elizabeth, by opposing Mary's marriage, *Morton remained in the queen's councils, in order to betray them*; as Randolph, Elizabeth's envoy, wrote to Cecil: when Morton conducted the queen's army, in pursuit of his fugitive friend, Murray, who retired southward towards the English borders, for shelter, Morton carried the queen's army, northward, beyond the Forth. Murray of course made good his retreat into England, where Elizabeth did not wish to see him, with her doubtful eyes. Morton, as we have thus seen, did Murray more essential service, by betraying his queen's councils, and misleading her forces, than if he had joined his friend, in the tented field*. The duplicity of Elizabeth drove Murray, from court: but, the policy of Cecil protected him, in the country.

The expatriated Murray lurked in the conterminous mountains, which separate Scotland from

* The historian of the Douglases acknowledges the unfaithfulness of the chancellor, though he took part with the king and queen.

England, till he could obtain his restoration, by whatever means. A conspiracy of all that were great, and influential, in Scotland, with Knox, and the kirk, entered into this concert. The queen's husband, and his father, Lennox, secretary Maitland, and the other officers of state, took part, in this odious plot, which was designed, as well against Mary's authority, perhaps her life, as in favour of Murray's restoration. One of the means, for effecting those ends, was to assassinate the queen's private secretary, in her own presence. The 9th of March 1565–6, saw this cloud burst upon Holyrood-house, while the queen was at supper. The lord chancellor, Morton, with an armed force, took possession of the palace, while the king conducted lord Ruthven, and other assassins, into the queen's closet, where Riccio was murdered, in her presence, with a thousand stabs. Mary, by her fortitude, saved her own life, and perhaps that of her guilty husband, by persuading him, to flee, from this bloody scene, to the castle of Dunbar, where she was soon joined, by the loyal part of her people. Murray, in the midst of the confusion, returned to Edinburgh, under the king's passport. The ulterior plans of the conspirators were disconcerted, by the queen's measure: Murray was pardoned: but, Morton, Ruthven, and other conspirators, were obliged to seek the same shelter, in England, which Murray had just left: Elizabeth, and Cecil, were previously informed,

by Randolph, and Bedford, of the conspiracy, and its objects; and now incurred additional guilt, by protecting the assassins.

Morton was thus expatriated; and lost, by his crime, all the advantages of security, and profit, which he had formerly obtained, by his circumspection. Murray owed his restoration to the wiles, and wickedness, and vigour of Morton; and the queen's brother seems to have now obtained over the queen's spirit much of his ancient ascendency: but, his endeavours were long used in vain to obtain Morton's pardon. It was not, however, till the baptism of the queen's son, at Christmas 1566, that Elizabeth, and Cecil, Bedford and Murray, with other nobles, by the most earnest entreaties, obtained from Mary's placability the restoration of Morton, and the other conspirators, except two catives, who stabbed the victim of the plotters, while he clung to the queen's garments, for her unavailing protection.

The ingratitude, and crimes of Lennox, and the king, his son, were easily passed over, by the queen: but, the compunctions of both finally brought on their ruin. Lennox retired into the obscurity, for which his feebleness was only fit. And Darnley, who had a character still more feeble, and unaccommodating, could never after his recent misconduct, of entering into the conspiracy, and denying it, meet the nobles, and other influential men, with any com-

fort, or cordiality: by his ungraciousness he now lost the few friends, that he had early obtained. And he even projected to leave Scotland, and desert his wife, who was the only friend, that sincerely remained to him. At Michaelmas 1566, Murray, and his confidents, entered into a fresh conspiracy, for freeing themselves, and their country, from Darnley's perversity, and presence. This conspiracy was early communicated to Morton, at Newcastle, and his concurrence obtained. He did not leave England, notwithstanding his pardon, till sometime after the 10th of January 1566–7; as we know, from Drury's correspondence with Cecil. He no sooner arrived at Whittingham, three hours ride, from Berwick into Scotland, than the earl of Bothwell, and secretary Maitland, came to visit Morton: from his own confession on the block, we might know, if there were not other proofs of the fact, that the object of that meeting was the conspiracy against Darnley. It is a curious circumstance, that the three personages, who now met at Whittingham, on so nefarious a plot, all suffered, for their guilt*.

Morton was too intimately connected, as we have

* Bothwell was driven out of Scotland, and was attainted, by parliament, for the murder of Darnley: Secretary Maitland was also attainted by parliament, and died by poison: And Morton was convicted, and lost his head, on the 2d of June, 1581; as we may learn from Churchyard.

seen, with Murray, the chief of that conspiracy, to reveal it, for the purpose of detection. The conspirators went on, step by step, till the 10th of February, following the said conference, when the king was strangled, and the adjoining house blown up*. When the queen refused to be divorced, from Darnley, at Craigmillar-castle, the conspiracy took this shape, under the plastic hand of Maitland: Darnley was to be taken off, by Bothwell, who was to marry the widowed queen, for his pains; and the other conspirators were to promote this marriage, and to save Bothwell harmless, from any prosecution, for the murder. But, Bothwell being once acquitted, and married to the queen, the protection of the conspirators was to cease. The sequence of the facts evinces this to have been the detail of the plot. Bothwell, having performed his part of this tragedy, was soon denounced, as the murderer; but, he was protected by Murray, and his faction: and, the charges against Bothwell being thrown into a formal shape, he was necessarily tried, in a formal manner: yet, Morton, and Maitland stood in court on either side

* Bothwell was the most open, and active conspirator: Maitland was the most secret; and though Morton was not present, at the actual murder, his agent, Archibald Douglas, was certainly present, at the shocking scene. But, Bothwell was merely the cat's-paw of Murray, Morton, and Maitland: and, Morton was, throughout the conspiracy, the chief actor, under Murray.

of him, for his protection, and acquittal. The reward of all his crimes, and hazards, remained to be conferred on him, namely, the hand of the queen. For this end, a bond was entered into, at the subsequent parliament, which was signed, by many of the bishops, and lords, with Morton, at the head of them; approving of the acquittal of Bothwell, engaging to protect his innocence, and recommending him for the queen's husband, though he already had a wife. Beyond this bond, nothing more abominable appears any where in history; except, perhaps, the signing of this bond, by Morton, and afterwards pursuing Bothwell: such was the notorious conduct of Morton, which is equally unexampled for its manifest treachery.

Meanwhile, Bothwell, with that bond of protection in his pocket, audaciously seized the queen, near Edinburgh upon her way from Stirling, on the 24th of April, 1567; carried her to his castle of Dunbar, attended by Maitland, the secretary, who was a coadjutor of Murray, in order that Maitland might delude the queen into the snare that was laid, for her, by the conspirators. Bothwell, relying on the bond, gave out that he would marry the queen, whether she consented, or not: and having her in his power he defiled her, and then compelled her to marry him: of all these facts he was afterwards attainted, by parliament. On the 15th of May thereafter the queen openly married Bothwell, in the chapel of Holyrood-

house, after the proclamation of banns: the marriage was in appearance voluntary, but was in fact enforced, by circumstances, which then could not be avowed. That part of the conspiracy, in which Bothwell was concerned, was thus fulfilled, by his marriage, with the queen.

Now commenced the second part of the conspiracy, in which Morton acted the principal part, though he was in England, when the conspiracy was formed. It was at Craigmillar-castle, after Mary's return from holding the justice courts, at Jedburgh, that this continued conspiracy was finally entered into. When Mary refused to be divorced, from Darnley, to suit the designs of his enemies, then was it resolved to take him off, and to dethrone her. But, she had borne her faculties so meekly, and had been so much advised by Murray, that she could not be easily dethroned, *without being first disgraced.* It was this consideration, which induced such able, and unprincipled plotters, to resolve to marry her to Bothwell, after the death of Darnley; in order to ruin both, by being involved together, in that shocking murder. Morton, as he had been constantly informed of the designs of Murray, entered into all those views of the conspirators, as soon as he returned, from his banishment, to Scotland. He concerted with Bothwell, and Maitland, some of the details of the murder, at Whittingham, in January 1566–7. He protected Bothwell, on his trial; he

promoted his marriage with Mary, by procuring the bond of the nobility, and bishops, for that odious end. And Bothwell, having by such encouragement, arrested the queen, carried her to his castle, and ravished her; thereby compelled the queen to assent to the marriage: "And, then," says Melville, "she "could not but marry him, seeing he had lain with "her against her will*." The marriage consummated, Morton put himself at the head of a body of nobles, at Stirling, on the 15th of May 1567, to drive both, from the throne, and to crown the prince; in pursuance of the former conspiracy, by a fresh one: the queen, and Bothwell, were quite unprepared, for such a shock, being in possession of Morton's bond: they fled first to Borthweek-castle, and then to Dunbar, where they called together some forces. The whole conduct of Morton, and the conspirators, was most artful, and insidious; pretending to relieve the queen, while they had resolved to crown her son. On the 15th of June, the queen and Bothwell marched forward to Carbury-hill, where Morton, with his armed associates met them: after some treaty, and favourable terms, which were not fulfilled, the queen was carried to her capital, as a prisoner, while Bothwell was allowed to escape. On the morrow, the queen was conveyed to Lochleven-castle, under a warrant,

* Mem. 80: in that conclusion bishop Lesley concurred with Melville.

which was signed by Morton, and five of his associates. It was supposed, by those atrocious conspirators, that, because *the nobles of a nation* may do certain constitutional acts; therefore, six nobles, and one of them a boy, may dethrone their sovereign*.

Morton, at the head of this traitorous conspiracy, may be said to have governed Scotland, from the imprisonment of the queen, on the 17th of June, till the arrival of the earl of Murray, on the 11th of August, 1567. On the 24th of July, the conspirators compelled the imprisoned queen to resign her legitimate power to her infant son. By another document, they compelled her to appoint the earl of Murray, the regent of Scotland, during her son's infancy, who was now only thirteen months old. By a third document, the duke of Chastelherault, *who then resided in France*, the earl of Morton, and other nobles were appointed to govern her kingdom, till Murray's arrival, from France; and in case he should decline to act, in that event, the duke of Chastelherault, Morton, and the other nobles, were authorized to govern Scotland, during the king's minority. See the artifice of those miscreants, who thus coerced the queen. They appointed the duke of Chastel-

* This warrant of commitment is published in Mr. Laing's Dissertation, from the Cotton library; and would not justify the confinement of a prostitute.

herault, the presumptive heir of the crown, who was absent, in order to preserve a little semblance of legality, and to sooth his followers: they substituted him, and others, to rule, *in case Murray should decline*, as if Morton, and the other conspirators, did not know, that they had dethroned the queen, with Murray's knowledge, and to let him into the regency, since he could not be king. The infant James was crowned on the 29th of July; Morton taking the coronation oath for the childish king. By the agency of Cecil, who was in the secret of this conspiracy; the return, from France, to Scotland, of Murray, was hastened; and he immediately accepted the regency, to obtain which so many crimes had been committed.

Morton was at length amply rewarded, for his treachery and his crimes: he was appointed chancellor, in the room of Huntley, he was nominated lord admiral, and high sheriff of Edinburghshire, in the place of Bothwell, he received a gift of the forfeited estate of the laird of Whitlaw, and from all those offices, Morton enjoyed authority in the state, next to Murray, who, as companions in crime, were worthy of each other.

Amidst all that violence, and coercion, offered to an injured queen, the conspirators had nothing to lay to her charge, as we might infer, from Morton's warrant of commitment: yes, indeed, after more than

a month's consideration, they did, as an excuse, for themselves, to Throckmorton, Elizabeth's envoy, lay some imputations to her charge: 1. They charged her with tyranny, inasmuch as she refused to confirm *statutes*, which were made, in her absence, though not agreed to, even by the French ambassadors*; she would not confirm the treaty of Edinburgh, relating to Scotland, which was forged, by themselves; 2. They charged her with *incontinency*, which, they said, they could prove, but which they never proved, nor repeated; as the charge was groundless: 3. They mean, said the envoy, "to charge her, with the murder of "her husband; whereof, they say, they have as ap-"parent proof against her, as may be, as well by the "testimony of her own hand-writing, which they have "recovered, as by sufficient witnesses;" though her marriage with Bothwell, which they had enforced, was the grand circumstance, on which the conspirators relied, for her disgrace. Here then, is the first imputation against the queen, as being concerned in the murder of her husband: and, here is the first intimation of their having found some *writings* of the queen, which would prove the fact. The allusion is, plainly, to the notorious letters, which were attributed to the queen; and which made so great a figure, afterwards.

* The allusion, we may suppose, is to the statutes of the unwarrantable meeting of a convention at Edinburgh, in 1560.

It was Morton himself, who had the merit of discovering those consequential writings, as far back as the 20th of June, three days after the queen's commitment to Lochleven castle. Pity! that they were not intercepted before that event; as they would have furnished something like a charge against the unfortunate queen. Those writings were found, according to Morton's assertion, on one Dalgleish *, Bothwell's servant, who had been sent, by his master, to bring them from Edinburgh-castle, being left by him, in sir James Balfour's custody, the governor. But, those writings were not brought into action against the queen till the 4th of December, 1567; the conspirators were now preparing documents, to satisfy the parliament, that the writings, thus found on the 20th of June, were the cause of her dethronement, on the 17th of June. On the said 4th of December 1567, those writings were laid before the privy council, for establishing a charge against the queen; the great cause, for dethroning her. Yet Dalgleish, who was at hand, was not asked a single word about them. Sir James Balfour, who was said to have been entrusted with the custody of those consequential writings, was not asked a word about them, though he was then present. The whole of

* From the 20th of June 1567, till the 3d of January 1567-8, Dalgleish remained a prisoner, in Morton's power, without being asked a word, about the writings.

this important discovery, on which the queen's dethronement was to rest, was altogether left, to the *mere assertion* of Morton: but, was he at all a competent witness*? The answer must be, that he was a character, who ought not to be believed; being a man, without any moral principle, and an audacious conspirator, who was capable of any villainy. From the whole circumstances of this transaction, it is apparent, that Morton's assertion, concerning those writings, was false; that his falsehood could not be supported, as he was afraid to examine Dalgleish, and Balfour, who would have contradicted him†; and it is

* From his youth, we have seen, that he was a treacherous character; 2. While chancellor, we have seen him attack the queen's house, and commit a murder, in her presence; and from these facts, we may infer, that he was a man, utterly abandoned, and capable of any baseness; 3. On the 24th of March 1570-1, Morton, and two other Scots commissioners, who were then, at London, being desired to show at court, a letter from Denmark, about Bothwell, said the original was sent away; "but they delivered a copy, omitting such things, as "they thought not meet to be shown;" from this fact, we may infer, *that Morton was very capable of falsification.* 4. When Morton went, in 1569, to attend Elizabeth's enquiry, after the letters, attributed to the queen, had been altered, in their form, and changed, in their language, Morton swore, that they were, in the queen's hand indeed: beyond this, perjury could not go. It must, moreover, be constantly remembered, that Morton, as one of the conspirators with Maitland, and Bothwell, was convicted, and executed, for the king's assassination.

† The writings, which were attributed to the queen, were said,

equally clear from the facts, that no such writings were ever found, whatever may have been forged.

When those writings were brought into the privy council of Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1567 they were described, "as her previe letters, written "*and subscribed*, with her own hand, and sent by her "to James, earl Bothwell:" when the same "previe "letters" were laid before the parliament, a few days after, they were described, as "her previe letters "written halelie with her awn hand, and sent by her "to James, earl Bothwell." When the act of privy council, and the act of parliament were compared together, it appeared, that the letters, in the last, were described, as wholly written, with her own hand, but, *not subscribed by her*: yet, in the first, the same letters were more fully described, as written, *and subscribed*, with her own hand. When the late doctor Johnson reviewed, in 1760, "Tytler's Enquiry into "the Authenticity of those Letters," he observed that, as the last description contained some *diminution* of the first, not saying, that *the letters were sub-*

by the conspirators to have been intercepted on Dalgleish, upon the 20th of June 1567: six days thereafter, on the 26th of June, Dalgleish was examined, by Morton, and other privy-counsellors, but not a word was asked him, about those important writings; the whole examination turned upon the murder of Darnley, which was less important. [Anderson's Col. ii. 173.] He was executed, on the 3d of January 1567-8, but, not a word was in the meantime asked him, about the writings.

scribed by her, the *first description cannot be freed from fraud.* But, why should there be any fraud? Because *fact,* and *falsehood* cannot stand together: if the letters were genuine, they would always appear the same: if they were written, and *subscribed* by her, they could not be wholly written by her, and *not* subscribed by her. Here, then, is a fatal variance, which is another proof, both of the forgery of the letters, and of the falsification of Morton.

After the queen had made her escape, in 1568, from Lochleven-castle, and appeared at the head of an army, in the west: Morton commanded the van of the regent's army, at the battle of Landside, where she was obliged to seek for shelter, in England.

When Elizabeth, by the artifice of Cecil, in 1568, instituted an enquiry into the respective conduct of the queen, and Murray, Morton went into England, as a commissioner for the king, to promote charges against his mother; and went through all the basenesses, and tergiversations, and the falshood, and perjury of that enquiry, which, by matchless artifices, was converted into criminations of the Scotish queen *.

* Murray, and Morton, and their associates, in crime, charged the queen with the murder of her husband: and, in proof thereof, they produced the acts of the Scotish parliament, in confirmation of the regent's authority, and of the queen's resignation; the confessions of some of the persons executed for the king's murder; and the fatal casket, containing the supposititious letters, sonnets, and contracts, which Morton now swore he had

Such was the end of that guilty inquisition. Five thousand pounds were delivered to Murray, to defray his charges: and he, and Morton, and their associates, were allowed to depart to Scotland, in January 1569; while Mary was removed to stricter confinement.

After the death of Murray, in January 1569–70,

intercepted in the hands of Dalgleish: those documents, had they been all genuine, would have proved a criminal intercourse, between the queen and Bothwell, but, not the participation of the queen, in that crime: so that the conspirators failed egregiously in proving the queen's guilt, though they calumniated her sufficiently. The queen now charged her accusers, with being the murderers of her husband: and offered to prove the fact, if Elizabeth would give her copies of the papers, which her accusers had produced against her: Elizabeth acknowledged this to be very reasonable; but, never gave the papers. The issue, which was thus joined upon the question, who were the real murderers of Darnley; and which, as it was then left undecided, I will now settle, in a few words. 1. Was the queen guilty of the murder? Her accusers, as already mentioned, produced certainly love-letters, which are plainly forgeries; and if genuine, would not prove the murder: but, they supplied this defect, by saying, that she immediately married the murderer, Bothwell: the murder was committed on the 10th Feb. 1567: and she married Bothwell, on the 15th of May: but, the record of the parliamentary attainder of Bothwell, proves, that he arrested the queen, upon the highway, on the 24th of April; carried her to his castle of Dunbar, and there, by criminal coercion, induced the queen to consent to marry him: so that such an enforced marriage, does not prove any thing, concerning the murder.

Morton became the secret agent of Elizabeth, for preserving the subserviency of Scotland, even during the regencies of Lennox, and of Mar. It was, at the end of 1570, that Morton, Dumfermling, and Mac-gill, went, as commissioners, to Elizabeth; in order to induce that artful sovereign to surrender the Scotish queen to the conspirators, who had dethroned her. On the 28th of February 1570–1, they gave in to the

2. Were the queen's accusers guilty? It is quite certain, that Darnley was murdered, by a combination of nobles. The dying confession of the laird of Ormiston, who was executed, for the murder of Darnley, proves, that certain nobles entered into an association, a quarter of a year before the murder, to take off Darnley. [Arnot's Criminal Trials, Apx. No. iv.] The meeting of Morton, Maitland, and Bothwell, to concert the mode of the murder, evinces, that there was a conspiracy of nobles, for that end. [Morton's Confession of the Fact.] Bothwell was attainted by parliament for this crime. Maitland was attainted by parliament for the same crime. [Acta Parl. iii. 58-9.] Morton was convicted by his peers, and was beheaded, for the same crime. The murder of Darnley, then; the marriage of the queen to Bothwell, in pursuance of the artifices of the conspirators; and the dethronement of the queen, in consequence of this forced marriage: all those acts were done, for the benefit of Murray, who, by a previous concert, was made regent of Scotland: the murder of Darnley was, of consequence, done by Bothwell, *the cats-paw* of that conspiracy, by Maitland, by Morton, by Murray, who thus acted in concert: but, since those nobles were guilty; the queen was innocent: she incurred no *guilt*, by being forced to marry a murderer, by fellow-murderers.

English council a paper, for the purpose of proving the dethronement of their queen to be lawful, which amounted to this, that because a nation, under some great pressure, may do such an act, six nobles may do the same important act. Elizabeth resolved to give up Mary to the regent, which amounted to sending her to the block. But, the French, and Spanish ambassadors, and the bishop of Ross, remonstrated against the infamy of such an action, which amounted to the same thing, as if the English queen had consigned her to the executioner. These remonstrances obtained a delay; and the decease of the regent prevented the recurrence of so base a design. After the death of the regent Mar, in October 1572, Morton, by Elizabeth's influence, was chosen regent, on the 27th of November, thereafter. During the five subsequent years, Morton ruled Scotland, in subservience to England, with a rod of iron. He was opposed at length, by Argyle, and Athol. And, in September 1577, Morton offered to resign the regency. After a while, the king accepted his resignation. Yet, Morton, by violence, afterwards, regained possession of the king's person. Contests among the great, and universal distraction, ensued. Morton, one of the conspirators, who murdered Darnley, the king's father, engaged in a plot to pursue the Hamiltons, as guilty of the same crime. His violence, and his rigours, raised up fresh opponents against such a mi-

nister. And he lost his influence, as he might easily have foreseen. Morton, in March 1579, at length resigned the regency, when the king took the government into his own feeble hands. In December 1580, Morton was formally accused of the murder of the king's father. Elizabeth, and Cecil, seeing this attack on their secret agent, tried every expedient, except actual war, to save a man, who had, for so many years, ensured to them the subserviency of Scotland. Randolph, who was sent to Edinburgh, to intrigue, to threaten, and to animate civil war, stated the inauspicious result, in this manner to the English government: If you send out forces, from Berwick, northward, to waste the country, you will ruin as many friends, as foes: if you march an army upon Edinburgh, the king will retire into Argyle, and thence to France: but, this would not be for the interest of England. The inveteracy of the people of Edinburgh was such against Randolph, that they fired their shot into his windows: and so compelled him to retire to Berwick. Morton was thus left to his fate; as it was beyond the artifices of Cecil, and the power of Elizabeth, to protect this odious statesman. He was accordingly tried by his peers, for the murder of Darnley, the king's father, on the 1st of June 1581; and was convicted, by them, of this shocking murder. He was one of the earliest projectors of the death of Darnley. He was, now, after so many years

of domination, judicially proved guilty of this heinous offence; he was proved guilty, by the confessions of those, who publickly died, for the same crime; and he was proved guilty, by his own confession, though he did not confess all his guilt. He was, undoubtedly, one of the wickedest miscreants of a miscreant age, as we might infer, from the foregoing notices. He was, by nature a knave, and by habit a villain; he was capable of falsification, and perjury; of murder, and treason: and he died, on the 2d of June 1581, on the block of shame, with a gross lie upon his guilty lips.

THE EARLE OF MVRTONS Tragedie; once Regent of Scotland, and alwaies of great Birth, great Wisedome, great Wealth, and verie great Power and Credite: yet Fortune enuying his Estate and Noblenes, brought him to lose his Head on a Skaffold in Edenbrough, the second of Iune, 1581.

From Churchyard's Challenge.

MAKE place for plaints, giue rowme for plagued men,
Step backe proud mindes, that praise your selues to much,
Let me appeale, to some true writers pen:
That doth the life, and death of princes touch.
For my mishap, and fatall fall is such,
That gazing world, which heares my woefull end,
Shall maruaile much, to see such matter pend.

The restles race, that mortall men doe runne,
Seemes smooth to sight, yet full of scratting breers:
Here is no rest, nor surety vnder sunne.
Sowre is the taste of flowers that sweete appeares;
Our gentle ioyes, are in our tender yeares,
For as the childe, to wit and reason growes,
So iudgement comes, and seedes of sorrow sowes.

Our wanton time, doth steale away with sport,
But when that care, hath crept in curious braines:
Long griefe beginnes, and pleasure is but short,
For heart and head, is vext with fancies vaine,
Then hord brings hate, and gold breeds greedy gaine.
Desire of which, with pompe and glory great,
So boiles in brest, it makes mans browes to sweat.

Ambitious minde, the busie bellowes blowes,
The quenchles coales, of rule that burneth still,
And ore the banks, the flouds of folly flowes:
And priuate wealth, so blindes a worldlings will:
That wicked wit, doth banish reasons skill,
Climes vp aloft, cries fame and rare renowne,
Till heauy stone, from top comes tottering downe.

The mounting heart, that daily doth aspire,
With wilfull wings, of pride to cloudes would flie:
And though he feeles, his feathers singd with fire:

He will not stoupe, he holdes his head so hie,
To beare a sway, and alwaies casts his eie,
(With eager lookes) on honors stately throne:
He likes no mate, but all would weld alone.

The simple sort, that sees soore fawcon rise,
Disdains to death, the bird that flies too farre:
Then as on owle, flocks, crowes and chatring pies,
So at great dogs, the little tikes doe snarre.
Tweene small and great, when spite ones moues the warre,
There is no rest, for rage runnes all on head,
Hate kindleth fire, and loue growes cold as lead.

A greater strife, is when two tides doe meete,
Both of one force, like mighty strugling streames,
I meane when men, doe striue of equall sprite:
The robe is ript, or rented through the seames:
Great troubles grow, in sundry ciuill realmes,
For whilst the one, in chiefest rowme is plaste,
The other comes, and hales him downe in hast.

There is no meane, where matches meete at shocke,
The strong shewes strength, the stout stands wrangling still,
About the ball, the finest fellowes flocke,
They winne the goale, that hath the greatest skill.
The force of floud, turns round the water-mill,

So where two men doe wrastle for a fall,
Most might preuailes, the weake is turnde to wall.

But why do I, finde fault with greatest band,
My traine was such, as I a king had beene:
In court and towne, earle Murton was so mand.
As euery day, I had a world to winne,
That was the frette, that did the warre beginne.
For those that sawe me waited on so well,
Did skorne the same, and so like toades they swell

At my renowne, and loe a greater thing,
By chaunce befell, for I had secret foes:
(That daily sought) my fall about the king.
And as on steps, to stately stage I rose,
So my decay, in court and countrey growes.
For priuy hate, and malice matcht with might,
Tooke out the oyle, that gaue my lampe the light.

Yet through great helpe, and friends as world may weene,
Whose wisdoms was, wel known both graue and sage:
I regent was, when many a broile was greene:
And set abroach, in court by reuels rage,
I ruled all, whilst king was vnder age,
And where I saw, the people make offence
I scowrgd them sore, which kept them quiet sence.

Some did I hang, and trusd them vp on hye,
That slaughters made, or murders did committe:
Some were redeemde, that did for fauour crie,
And strongest heads, I helde in hard with bitte.
With equall eares, I would in iudgement sit.
Yea bent my braine, to beate out right and wrong,
And conscience bad, deferre not iustice long.

The rich by this were sory to offend,
The poore did dread to hang that faulty were,
And yet oft times, when faulters did amend,
I hangd but one, to bring the rest in feare.
To suters all, I gaue a gracious eare,
By gentle waies, and wisdomes modest meane,
From filthy facts, I cleansed countrey cleane.

By order good, I made them feare the law,
I pincht the purse, and pawsde in sheading blood,
I punisht sore, where great abuse I saw,
Straight rules I sette, to learne rude people good.
By which strong staies, my state in surety stood.
So wealth came in, with goodly gold and geare,
That paide for paines, and did the charges beare.

Yea sure more wealth, and riches I possest,
Then twenty lords, of Scotland any way:
I might compare (for treasure) with the best.

We call it poess, in our plaine Scottish lay,
I had the bags, of Aungell nobles gay.
I had the chests, fild vp vnto the brim,
With sondry stamps, of coine and treasure trim.

My houses stood, in gladsom soiles and seats,
Stuft with rich things, and arras clothes inow;
My table spread, with deare and dainty meates.
My wardrobe storde, with change of garments throw,
My corne in stacks, my hay in many a mowe,
My stable great, of gallant geldings good.
And I like prince, amidst these pleasures stoode.

What I would wish, I had with glorie great,
Each knee did bow, and make their bodies bend:
Eache eye stood fixt, to gase on honors seat,
Eache friendlie face, a louing looke would send.
To stately throne, and I againe would lend
A lordlie grace, to keepe the worlds good will,
Whereby encreast my fame and honor still.

I buylt me bowers, sometime to banquet in,
Made plotts for walkes, and gardens of delight:
Sought sweete conceits, (not sowsing soule in sinne,)
With glutted gorge, at pleasures baite to bite.
But pastime tooke, to put off worlds despite.
My streamers stoode, in topp of barke so braue,
That flaggs of ioy, with each good wind wold waue.

For worldly pompe, and worship waites at heele,
Where rule and power, sets out gay glittring showes,
Who folowes not, the swinge of fortunes wheele,
What fish forsakes the floode that daily flowes.
Both great and small, with course of water goes.
Where sunne doth shine, both beast and birdes repaire,
And what flies not, to pleasaunt weather faire.

But well away, when we haue all we wish,
A house, a home, bedect with gallaunt grace:
A golden net, beguiles a carlesse fish,
Wee haue no holde, of fortunes flittering face.
For when wee doe, worldes flattring giftes embrace,
Wee groope and gape, for more vaine goodes so fast:
That gracelesse hap, sweepes all away at last.

Our greedy mind, gaines gold and tyens good name,
Winnes wealth yet workes, a wicked web of woe:
Breedes deepe disdaine, and bringes a man in blame,
Breakes bandes of loue; makes friend become a foe.
Shotes spitefull shaftes, from malice sturdie bowe,
Strikes dead good name, and reares vp slaunders brute,
Sowes seedes of vice, and brings forth rotten fruite.

All these defects, doth follow greedie minde,
But loe my skill, and sight in publicke state:
For soaking soores, a soueraigne salue could finde,

For where I fearde, sharpe warres and foule debate,
To cut off strife, great friendes at hand I gat,
And by my wit, to keepe the king in right,
At my commaund, I freelie brought much might.

Which strake the stroke, and stoutly rulde the roste,
Spent many dayes, in broyles and making peace:
Bestowde great charge, and carde not for no coste,
So that they could our common quarrels seace,
And euer as I sawe our brawles encreace,
I helpt the harmes, by worthy wisdomes arte,
So planted peace, and rule, in euery part.

For euery yeare, some brawle was set abroche,
Some treason wrought, some trecherie tane in hand:
Which without stay, would sounde to my reproche,
Such falshood raignde, and raged in the land.
In factions still, did runne a bloodie bande,
About the realme, as wilde as wolues for praye,
But by my friendes, I set these thinges in staye.

In greatest stormes, I stoutly stood to sterne,
And turnd about, the shippe to winne the winde:
And what defects, and faultes I did discerne,
I readie was, a quicke redresse to finde.
And no man durst, restraine the Regents minde,
For were it good, or bad, I would haue done,
Unto that side, would most of people runne.

Yet murmors rose, among the mighty flocke,
Whose hidden hate, huggd close in cankred brest:
To vndermine, my strong and statelie rocke,
That stoode on propps, and did on pillers rest.
For longer sure, in court I could not rest,
Then king might come, to perfect age and yeares,
As thinges befell, and by my fall appeares.

The secret swarmes, of slie and subtill snakes,
That lurkes in grasse, and vnder fayrest flowers:
The flattering cloudes, that oft faire weather makes,
Great showers of raine, vppon the people powers.
The smiling face, that when it list it lowers.
Betraies the eyes, of them that well beleeues,
When scorners flier, and laugheth in their sleeues.

My hedge stood stackte, with such weake sticks of woode,
That manie a gappe, was made into my grownde:
I trusted much, to freindship, birth, and blood,
But some of those, in fine were faythlesse founde.
Most spake mee faire, but least of them were sounde.
Some sought my ruyne, that waighted hard at heeles.
For time so shapt, the world went all on wheeles.

What is enuid, but rule and high estate.
The seruant seekes, oft times his maysters fall:
The subiect beares, to lawe a priuie hate,

The stubborne child, is silde at fathers call.
The froward wiues, findes fault with husbands all.
The scholler hates, to heare his follie tolde,
And each degree, abhors to be cõntrolde.

Rule wants no foes, the horse hee hates the bitt.
The dogge disdaines the leashe that holdes him in:
The hauke desirẽs not long on pearch to sit,
Rule is despisde, rule doth no fauour winne.
The man that hath, in courtly honor beene,
Can tell how oft, he was with flattry fed,
And some there are, with blinde affection led,

Whose humor weake, the wilie worldlings fede,
They followe fast, and fawne like whelpes a while:
Till great mens meanes, hath serued their turne in deede,
Then gallants goe awaye and giue a smile.
Thus waiters on, doe nought but friends beguile,
And slipper lads, as false and fine as those,
For no offence, become most mortall foes.

With curtsie great, and kneeling on the knee,
The harmelesse hartes, of noble states are trapte:
They looke so high, they can no tromperie see,
Untill the flye, in spiders webbe be lapt,
And when by sleight, the simple is mishapt,
The wandring world but maruels at the case,
And from the weake, the strongest turnes the face.

Who had moe freindes, or yet more wealth than I,
Who founde lesse helpe, O fie on friendships trust:
My stocke and race, did reach to starrie skie,
Yet world trode downe mine honor in the dust,
And I was left, alone thinke what I lust,
Weepe, sigh or sob, when Fortune gaue checkmate,
Firme friends were fledd, and I in wofull state.

Yet wisdomes grace, helde vp my noble minde,
I scornde to thinke, when sorest tempests blewe:
In face and cheere, my courage men might finde,
I counted all, and then the worst I knew,
It was but death, (a paiment that is due:)
To yeild to day, or else when date drew neere,
To paie the shot, and make the reckning cleere.

What needs more talke, amid my cheefest ioyes,
A draught was drawne, to driue me out of grace:
The newes whereof, did fill my head with toyes,
But my stout hart, would giue no practise place.
I stifly stoode, in court with manly face,
And thought to thrust them out that stroue with mee,
And so in spigt of world I would goe free.

Great banding then, began in Borough towne,
And to the view, I had the strongest side:
For on my part, were men of great renowne.
Yea, as the fish, doth follow greatest tide:
So people swarmd, and *crucifige* cryed.

On Mortons foes, for dayly eurye houre;
In princes court, with pompe increast my power.

But when wee met, that seuerall waies did draw,
Sweete words did walke, bespyest with fained cheere:
In dulcet shell, a kernell sowre, I sawe,
That cunning crafte, by cloude conuayd full cleere,
Our powdred speach, most fresh, would still appeere.
Till bitter taste, bewrayd our meanings all:
Then honie combe, in proofe became but gall.

So angrie bees, burst forth from quiet hiue,
And offred stinge, to those that necrest stood:
Then fearefull folke, too feeble were to striue,
They floke so fast, that daily sought my bloode.
Yet to the worlde, I made my quarell good,
And craude no more, but iustice in my cause:
And so to shifte, by course of common lawes.

In open court, I was accused streight,
And straightlie chargde, to keepe my chamber still:
Where if I had, but vsed anie sleight,
I might haue scapte awaie and had my will.
But destnie did, bewitch both wit and skill,
And robd mee so, of spirite and feeling sence:
That I was meeke, and neuer made defence.

But what I thought, and what I hopte for both,
Is knowne to God, and some that liueth yet:

In deede my feare, was small (I tell you trothe,)
For manie things, in compasse of my wit,
Did cleare mee cleane, and so though I should sit
In prison faste, a time till thinges were tryed:
In duraunce long, I hopte I should not bide.

But loe in haste, I was from thence remoude,
And sent vnto the Castle there to staie:
And then perchaunce, I was but finely proude,
To see for feare, if I would flie awaie.
For mine owne folkes, had there the whole conuaie
Of bodie through, the streetes such grace I gote,
But woe is me, for then did th'old man doate.

Had I but sayde, I would not be in pounde,
I would bee franke, and free from daungers doubt:
I might haue turnde the worlde in Scotlande rounde,
Like tennis ball, and thrust myne enemies out.
But who can bring, a sternlesse barke aboute.
My wits were gone, that guided all before,
My shipp on ground, and I was set on shore.

Loe, what God doth to make his glorie knowne,
Loe, how mans life is cut off like a bough:
Loe, lookers on, how sone is man oerthrowne,
Loe, where became my worldly wisdome nowe
Loe heere a glasse, that shewes your faces throughe,
You greatest peeres, and lords of peereles prayse,
Your pride is past, if God abridge your daies.

No sooner I, beleeude I was so well,
But was conuayde, vnto Don Bartyn than:
So all my friends, that did in Scotlande dwell,
Made sure a shew, to raise vp manie a man,
The king straight waies, before these broyles began,
Fiue ensignes chose, to keepe the world in awe:
For sure defence, of him and of his lawe.

Those bandes held backe, some forward busines strange,
Yet in good faith, my friendes were twise as strong:
The force of whom, made worlde to feare a change,
But on and of, alas they dalied longe.
And all the while, I thought they did me wronge,
Yet vaine it was, in armes to stande and striue:
For they had not that waye found me aliue.

Long was the talke, of manie a farlye thoe,
Long did I looke, for that which did not come:
But all those blasts, in fine did ouerbloe,
I listned long, to heere the sound of drumme,
Yet though I had the great good will of some,
God would not thoell, for one mans sake alone:
That broyles should cause a million make their mone.

When birde is limde, farewell faire feathers all,
The fish in net, maie bidde the sea adiew:
When world beholds a man is neere his fall,

It leaues him there, and follows fancies newe.
When all is saide, the olde prouerbe is true,
Who cannot swimme, must sincke there is no boote:
Who hath no horse, of force must goe on foote.

Thus tyed to clogge, and pende in prison fast,
My hope decaide, my hart did heauie waxe:
So souldiers came, and brought me foorth at last,
The butcher then, began to whet his axe,
All was on flame, the fire was flowne in flaxe.
There was no choise, I must a size abide:
Prooue foule, or cleane, and by my peeres be tried.

To Edenbrough, the captiue man was brought,
Along the fieldes, where flockes of people were:
The sight of whom did trouble much my thought,
But when in deede, I was ariued there,
Both streetes, and stalles, and windows euery where,
Were stuffed full, to giue on me the gaze:
But that might not my manly mind amaze.

Yet neither one, nor other, small nor great,
Did me salute, so turnde the moodes of men:
That colde deuice, (nay rather raging heate)
Could not appall my princely courage then:
For I did looke, as I did nothing ken,
Yet knew the whole, that some in secret bore:
So passed through the thronge, what would ye more?

A russet cloake, a garment rude and bare,
For such a state, make what of mee they would:
With foule felt hat, and robes but base I ware,
That people might, my great disgrace beholde.
Alas poore lambe, thy life was bought and soulde.
No force of weedes, to couer clott of claye,
Morton was dead, full longe before that daie.

Now lawyers flockte and swarmde in ilke a place,
Now lords repaird, and lardes came daily in:
Now learned heads, did long debate my case,
Now did (in deed) my sorrowes all beginne,
Now was the time, that I must lose or winne,
For I appeard, before the iudgement seate,
And there maintainde, my right with reasons great.

Made good defence, to many matters sure,
Spake boldly still, and did but iustice craue:
My pleading there, did foure long houres endure,
And lawyers then, to me good leasure gaue,
But to what end, did I long pleading haue,
I was condemnd, the world would haue it so,
A thing there was, but that the Lord doth know.

And I that heere, confesse my former gylt,
A murther than, was laide vnto my charge:
Which I concealde, yet saw a kings bloud spilt,

A fowle offence, for which there is no targe:
Nor could not claime, therefore to goe at large:
But byde the sence and censure of the lawes,
For fowle (God wot) and filthy was my cause.

The iudgement was a heauy thing to heere,
But what they did, I could not call againe:
The sentence past, too late my selfe to cleere,
Once iudgd to die, condemnd I must remaine.
As silly sheepe, in shopp must needes be slaine.
Then to the pot, or pit our flesh must passe,
All flesh is dust, vaine ashes earth and grasse.

Then thought I on some friend that absent was,
And spoke some words, but aske not what they were,
So from the bench, to prison did I pas,
And for to die, did make me ready there,
The preachers came, and shed full many a teare,
To bring my soule, in perfect patience than,
And make me die, a faithfull christian man.

In secrete sort, the preachers there I told,
Great things of waight, that in my conscience lay:
And so confest, what right and reason would,
But thereon pawsde, I would no further say,
Aske what they pleasde, I did but troth bewray.
Whereat I knockt, my troubled trembling brest,
And so desirde, the preachers let me rest.

O brethren mine, your doctrine likes me well,
(Qd. I) good men bestow some praiers now,
In your beliefe, looke that you daily dwell,
As you beganne, so still continue through,
The bloud of Christ hath washt my blotted brow,
As white as snow (I haue no doubt nor feare)
Shall be my sinnes, that red as scarlet were.

The preachers glad, to bring my soule to rest,
Brought Scripture in, and did the text vnfold:
And many a place, and sentence they exprest,
Towardes the death, to make my body bolde,
O my good lord, you may not now behold,
The pompe (quoth they) and glory that is past,
But you must thinke, on that which aye shall last.

Both wealth, and friends, and worldly wisedome to,
Are banisht quite, and blush to come in place:
When soule goes hence, those things haue nought to doe.
With man, that is, then newly borne in grace,
The light of day, hath darkenes still in chase,
The heauenly thoughts doe hate all earthly things,
And faith to clowdes, doth flie with flittring wings.

They praide with me, and wipt their weeping eies,
My heauy sprite, stood troubled sore that tide:
And as the sighes, from panting heart did rise,

My groaning ghost, O Abba father cride,
The sobs flew forth, the teares I could not hide,
As babe doth weepe, when he beholds the rod,
So then I feard the wrath of my good God.

Full soone reformde, I was in godly wise,
Gaue ore the world, forgot all earthly thing,
Heaud vp my hands, and heart, vnto the skies,
To God that did this plague vppon me bring,
And then I sued, and sent vnto the king,
To scape the coard, by losse of life and breath:
For heading was for me more nobler death.

He graunted that, and sad for my mishap,
He let me goe, where God and man assignd,
Now euery fault, lay open in my lap,
Each small offence, came freshly to my minde,
The secret sinnes, that we in conscience finde,
A muster made, and passed for their pay,
Before great God, that doth all things bewray.

The wrong I did, to simple people plaine,
Bad heart forethinke, the fury of mine ire,
The greedy thirst of glory rule and gaine,
Made soule afeard of hote infernall fire,
My selfe I blamde for fleshly fond desire;
But falling thus, full prostrate on my face,
From heauens hie, I felt a sparke of grace;

Which warmd my sprites, that waxed faint and cold,
The last conflict, that in this life we haue,
Then comfort came, and made weake body bold,
Care not for death, for life mounts vp from graue,
(Quoth knowledge then) when Christ the soule shall saue,
With that I flong, behinde all fearefull dread,
So cald for booke, and many a psalme did reade.

In lesse then halfe the time that I haue spoke,
Me thought I talkt, with God whose face did shine,
Who from a cloude discends as thinne as smoke,
And entred in my breast by power diuine;
O mortall man (said he) come thou art mine,
Be strong and stout, to fight the battell throw,
For my right hand is here to helpe thee now.

Blush not to see, the raging worlds despite,
The bloudy axe, nor scaffolde full of bils:
My mercy seat shall be thy chiefe delihte,
And though on earth, thine enimies haue their wils,
I am the God, that stormes and tempests stils,
In quiet calme, passe gently thou away,
And suffer much, yet doe but little say.

Death is the end of all that beareth life,
Not one shall scape, this world is but a dreame,
The seeds of sinne brings forth but flowres of strife,

In painted robes, lies many a rotten seame,
It is but griefe, to guide and rule a realme:
Great charge and care, a great accompt must make,
And when I frown, the whole round world I shake.

I cause one wight, to take anothers place,
To chop off heads, to kill, to hang and draw:
And when I take, from rulers new my grace,
His head againe shall yeeld to sword and law.
Men blowes the cole, but I put fire in straw,
And where doth fall, the flame of my great ire,
All things consumes to cinders in that fire.

Come Murton come, and play thy pageant well,
Thou goest before, perhaps a yeare or twaine:
But after thee, shall passe to heauen or hell,
A number more, that merry now remaine,
World hath no stay, I tell thee all is vaine:
Both raigne and rule and regall power most hie,
When dastards dreame, in durt and dust shall lie.

My God thus sayd, with that my sprites reuiude,
My wits were armde, my sence redoubled than:
And with my flesh, the Holy Ghost he striude.
By angels force, but not by might of man:
A marvlous stirre, in stomacke then beganne,
For to subdue, the carrein corps of care,
And burthend breast, that sinfull body bare.

Now hope in hast, made heauy heart full light,
The feare was fled, that comes by course of law:
Gods promise wrought, through mercy grace and
might,
A noble worke in me, cleare conscience saw.
A fig for death, his force not worth a straw;
(Quoth I) a rush for worlds reproach and shame:
For written is, in booke of life my name.

The preachers then, began to weepe for ioy,
Your firme beliefe, my lord shall make you free:
(Quoth they) and sure, your soule is from annoy,
Both in this world, and where sweete angels be,
And where right soone, you shall Gods glory see:
Not with bare view, but with immortall eies,
As body shall, at latter day arise.

Then kneeld I downe, and to the cloudes I looke,
The thought and care, the while of world was past,
And I in God such ioy and pleasure tooke:
That at my heeles, all earthly pompe I cast,
By this the houre, of death approached fast.
The gard gaue sign, with halbards bright in hand,
I must prepare, on skaffold streight to stand.

The streetes were full of souldiers armed wel,
With shot and match and all belongs for warre,
I saw in house I could no longer dwell:

For people said, the day was spent full farre,
Then ope the doore, (quoth I) draw backe the barre,
I will goe hence, to better home I trust:
Here is no hope, I see, that die I must.

To comfort sence and strengthen vitall sprete,
I tasted foed, and dranke a draught of wine:
And pawsde a while, as I thought fit and meete,
But sure no dread of death within mine eine
Was seene, for God by speciall grace deuine,
Held vp my heart, and head as high to shoe,
As when from home, I did a walking goe.

Milde words I gaue, when bitter speech I hard,
So passed through them all with manly cheere,
And did no more this world nor earth regard,
Then though in deede, I neuer had beene here;
But when in sight the skaffold did appeare,
My minde was bent, to fight the battle out:
And conquere death, and banish feare and dout.

So stept I vp, on skaffold lightly than,
Where sundry came, to aske me many a thing,
I lookte to God, and made small count of man.
Saue that alowd, I saide, God blesse the king,
God giue him grace, in peace the state to bring,
And shunne the harmes, and dangers ore his head:
To finde on earth, long life when I am dead.

Had I serud God, as well in euery sort,
As I did serue my king and maister still:
My scope had not, this season beene so short,
Nor world haue had the power to doe me ill.
But loe, I liude, against my makers will:
That feeles my flesh, that feeles my soule alas,
That fault I feare, where now my soule shall passe*.

That, that good Lord, forgiue, whilst breath I haue,
It is the sinne, that to this world I brought:
It buried shall be with my flesh in graue,
It is a sore and sickenesse of the thought;
It is most vaine, a wretched thing of nought,
A wicked wound, that death doth heale alone,
Dwels last in flesh, and first was bred in bone.

Pray you for me, that sets your sinnes by mine,
And such as doe professe the faith I hold:
Marke who I am, that here by power diuine,
Am forst this daie my conscience to vnfolde,
Looke neerely both to your owne faults vntolde,

* Shakspeare must have seen this passage, though his commentators have traced the speech of Wolsey to his very utterance: Churchyard's Challenge was published, in 1593: Shakespeare's Henry VIII. was written, in 1613:—

"——— O Cromwell, Cromwell!
"Had I but serv'd my God, with half the zeal,
"I serv'd my king, he would not, in mine age,
"Have left me naked to mine enemies."

And pray as well, for me with humble minde,
As for your selues, that here I leaue behinde.

My matter stands before the iudge of all,
Men haue condemnd my body to the tort,
When that great iudge will for a reckning call,
Both you and I, (shut vp in sentence short,)
Shall soone be known, who gaines the best report,
I here accuse ne small nor great this day:
My part is plaide, and I must passe my way.

The faith this howre, that all the realme doth know,
I die in here, and seale it with my blood:
To other faith, beware bend not your bowe:
The rotten string, will breake and doe no good,
Whilst in this land, such trash and tromprie stood,
God was not pleasd, the king not serude aright,
And we did walke, in darkenes stead of light.

Good hearers all, my babes and children deere,
I brought you vp, full long in this beliefe:
Your regent once now preacheth to you here,
Chaunge not (my barns) religion to your griefe,
Serue first your God, next honor king as chiefe,
This lesson keepe, and so good friends, adiew:
The dead from quicke so takes his leaue of you.

Thus full resolvde temptation to resist,
Great time I stood, and talkte in stoutest shoe,

Of sondry things, as freely as I list:
But waying then, that hence the soule must goe,
And that my necke must bide the blouddy bloe,
I stretched armes, as hie as I could heaue:
So turnd my backe, and did the audience leaue.

The heauenly hope, that heart doth long vphold,
Did hale me hence, and bad dispatch in haste
As firme as rocke I stood, say what they would,
For after this, I spake no word in waste,
Then downe I lay, and balefull blocke embraste,
And there receiude, the blow as axe did fall,
That cut me cleane, from cares and cumbers all.

The gasping head, as in the Lorde I slept,
A vision had, ye may the same suppose:
I dreamde it saw, how friendes and favrers wept,
In heade that tide, a straunger fancie rose,
The eyes beheldc, before the eyes did close,
A writer there, and Churchyard loe he hight,
Whose pen paints out mens tragedies aright.

In deadly dreame, my tongue callde on that man,
(As headlesse folke may fumble out a word)
You must beleeue, the tongue a tale beganne,
Of earnest thinges, and not a trifling borde,
Churchyard (quoth he) if now thou canst affo'de

Mee one good verse, take heere thy penne in hand,
And send my death, to thine owne natiue lande;

Which in my life, I lovde and honourd much,
(A cause there was, let that passe oer with time:)
Thou man (I saie,) that didst Shores wife so touch,
With louing phrase, and friendlie English rime;
When pen and muse were in chiefe pride and prime,
Bestow some paines, on him that was thy friende;
Whose life thou knewst, and seist mee make mine ende.

These wordes pronounst, the head gan bleed anew,
My bodie laie, along like lumpe of leade:
The limmes stretcht out, and stife as stake they grew,
And vnder cloath of blacke was made my bedd.
On thicke hard boordes, that world might see me dead
There did I lodge, till starrs appearde in skye,
And goring bloode had glutted gasers eye.

Thus Churchyard now, in wandring vp and downe,
(About affaires, perhaps that toucht him nere:)
Saw on Tolbothe, in Edenborough towne,
My sencelesse head, before his face appeare.
Why Morton then, (quoth he) and art thou heere,
That long didst raigne, and rule this realme of late;
Then ruine and wracke oerreacheth each estate.

An empērors life, puft vp with pompe and pride,
Maie not compare, with plaine ploughman (quoth he)
The climing foote is apt to slippe and slide,
The studious braine shall selde in suretie bee,
A bitter blast sone bites the brauest tree.
At honors seate blinde boltes men dailie shoote:
And wretched hap riues vp renowne by roote.

No wit nor wealth preuailes against mischaunce,
Whom fortune hates, the people doe-disdaine:
As wisdomes grace doth worthie witts aduaunce,
So priuie hate throwes downe hie harts againe.
The whitest clothe will take the greatest staine.
It is not strange, to see great men to fall,
For too much trust of worlde deceiues vs all.

Why doe wee wish, to weald a world at will,
What follows pompe, but hazard of good name:
Why would wise men in pleasure wallow still,
The end of toyle, makes soule and bodie tame:
They take no rest, that runnes still after fame,
Great charge breeds griefe, and brings on care apace:
Great honor rules, and lasteth but a space.

Who trauells farre, comes wearie home at night,
The mounting larke, comes down to foulers hand:
Great birdes are borne about with feathers light,

All great renowne on tickle propps doth stand,
All worldlie blisse is builded on the sand.
Which when a puffe of winde beginnes to bloe,
In peeces small, the painted postes will goe.

To greatest trees the birdes doe daily flock,
On highest hils wee walke to take the ayre:
And sudden stormes giue greatest oke a shock,
The ground is bare, where many feete repayre,
All people drawe vnto a goodly faire:
But where most haunte, is founde with iudging eye,
There is least hope, and doth most daunger lye:

The fayre it selfe, where all is bought and solde,
Showes meere deceipt, to him that buies and sells:
The enemies strength, striues still with strongest holde,
Disdaine doth drawe, where greatest honor dwels.
All flies repayre to flowers of sweetest smells,
Each wicked worme to soundest kernell goes:
Ten thousand weedes do growe about a rose.

Because the seate of honor standeth hye,
The baser sort do bend the browe thereat:
And honor is a moate in enuies eye,
Who vily thinkes, and speaks he knows not what,
By enuies brute, that bitter biting gnatt,

A blister growes, in soft and smothest skinne:
So skarrs arise, where cleerest shew hath binne.

O malice great, thou monster sent from hell,
The heauens hate to heare thy naughty name:
If world thee skorn, thou knowst not where to dwell,
O fugitive, O sonne of open shame.
No wisdomes lore, nor men of noble fame,
Can scape thy scourge, it giues so sore a yarke:
And so thy boltes are shot at eache good marke.

Men may not liue, though great they are of race,
For malice, rage, and enuie now a dayes:
Proude practise proules about in eurie place,
To breede debate, and cut of good mens praise,
Where malice sowes the seedes of wicked waies.
Both honor quailes, and creadit crackes with all:
Of noblest men, and such as feares no fall.

At goodlie fruite, that growes on topps of trees,
The people gase, and somtime kudgels flinge:
Disdaine repines, at all good things it sees,
And so like snakes, doth enuie shoote his sting,
The angrie waspes are still about a king.
Who seekes by swarmes, to hurt true meaning still:
So workes great harmes, to those that thinks no ill.

True honor may full long in fauour bee,
If rigors wrath, and malice did not meete:
And malice might lies not in meane degree,
It closely lurkes, in craft and cunning sprete,
First fine deuice can kisse both handes and feete,
Then draw the knife, that cuts the harmlesse throte:
Thus honor is, by drifts in daunger gote.

These deadly driftes drinkes deepest riuers drie,
Shocks greatest grounds, belowe past helpe of man:
Flings flat on floore the statelye buildings hye,
Shakes downe great harts, let wit doe what he can.
Fine drift is hee, that mischiefe first beganne.
Against whose force, no reason maie resist:
That awefull worme, on earth doth what it list.

Then noble birth, and vertues rare must stowpe,
When daie is come, and destines strikes the stroke:
This cunning world may make great minds to drowpe,
When we are calde, men needs must draw the yoke.
When life goes out, our breath is but a smoke.
When at the dore, our drerie death doth knocke:
Take key in hand, wee must turne backe the locke.

Who would haue thought, Earle Morton should haue
fell,
A graue wise man, who gouernde manie a daye:
Rulde all at home, and vsde his wit so well,

In foreine realmes, hee bare a wonderous swaie,
Of worldes affaires, hee knew the readie waye.
Yet knowledge failde, and cunning knew no boote:
When fortune came, and tript him with her foote.

Loe, lookers on, what staie remaines in state,
Loe, how mans blisse, is but a blast of winde:
Borne vnto bale, and subiect to debate,
And makes an ende, as destine hath assignde,
Loe heere as oft, as Morton comes to minde,
Dispise this worlde, and thinke it nothing straunge:
For better place, when we our liues doe chaunge.

THE END.

Printed by Richard and Arthur Taylor,
Shoe Lane, London.

EN·DIEV·ET·MON ROY:

00097967

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016